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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 594.—OCTOBER 1952

Art. 1.—NOTHING LIKE LEATHER (FRENCH FASHION).

MANY years ago a letter was read aloud in court. The case was a petition for divorce, the letter written by a French lady to an English lady. It ended with the words: 'I kiss you (French fashion).' Counsel for the petitioner read this out with every expression of horror: what depths of immorality did the phrase not suggest to his thoroughly insular mind? Anyone acquainted with the French language and French manners could have told him that *Je vous embrasse* was as ordinary an end to a letter between two Frenchwomen as *Love to all the family* would be on our side of the Channel. All the writer of the letter meant, in adventuring into our tongue, was to guard herself against seeming to say more in English than *Je vous embrasse* in French. She was writing English 'French fashion.'

Now the application of a stouthearted English proverb to French affairs must not be taken too literally. Things in France are ordered French fashion. As with letters, so with leather. In France leather may be a shade less solid than with us. It may be worked with skill into a thousand graceful forms, yet not have so firm a hold on French imagination as on ours, the symbol of suppleness, of dauntless strength, resistance against our worst weather, and endurance to the very limit of rupture or dissolution. 'Nothing like leather' has a proudly English ring about it, like the tap of a thousand cobblers' hammers, from the Second Citizen in 'Julius Caesar' who, for all he speaks in a Roman setting, was of unmistakably Cockney origin, down to our own times. Yet this good saying has point, touching French affairs to-day. For since near the beginning of this year the fortunes of France have been ruled, if not exactly by leather, at least by a man who

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learned his command of business, his knowledge of men, his strong good sense, in leather and by leather. M. Pinay, Prime Minister of his country since February last, is a tanner.

M. Antoine Pinay, *ce cher Antoine* as Parisian ladies refer to him, with a fleeting glance at another Antoine, the most celebrated *coiffeur de dames* of our century, comes from a smallish town between Lyons, the centre of the silk industry, and St Etienne, the important manufacturing city that lies nearly 2,000 feet up in the Massif Central, forty miles to the south-east. The district is a hive of industry and commerce, and from this hive came M. Pinay, a small master, but one remarkably popular with the fifty or sixty men working at his tannery. So high was his reputation as a good master and a good man of business that he was urged to become first Conseiller Général, that is, roughly County Councillor, then Mayor of St Chamond, then deputy to the National Assembly; and so it was that, in despair at the failure or refusal of one after another prominent candidate, President Auriol, prompted, it may be, by M. Edouard Herriot, who was, and still is at the age of eighty, not only President of the National Assembly but also Mayor of Lyons, so close to M. Pinay's town of St Chamond, turned his eyes on M. Pinay. Thus urged, M. Pinay, as all know, accepted and, as most of us have by now forgotten, forty-eight hours later drove to the Palais de l'Elysée, the Presidential residence, to announce his bitter failure: the mutual hostility of parties and the jealousy of politicians greedy for place had been too much for him as they had been for those summoned earlier. It was night. M. Pinay's car arriving at the Elysée was challenged by the sentry, 'Who goes there?' 'The President of the Council,' called out the chauffeur. Then the sentry, mishearing, 'The President has been in bed this long while. Pass along.' On which M. Pinay put his head out of the opposite window and said, 'I am M. Pinay, President-elect of the Council. I have come to see the President of the Republic. Get him out of bed.' M. Pinay has a fashion of his own in a motor car: he always sits by the chauffeur. 'Il n'est pas fier,' in the expressive French phrase. Also he boasts that this once saved him from a bad accident, when in the Place de la Concorde the back of his car was pulverised by a lorry.

Got out of bed on that critical night, President Auriol descended in his nightshirt and in dismay. Was his last chance of getting a government formed to melt in his hands like an icicle in July? The interview between the two men must have been fascinating to witness. On the one hand, the old warhorse of Socialist battles for power, the late Léon Blum's chief lieutenant in the Chamber, with every trick of the Parliamentary trade at his fingertips, Freemason and freethinker, we may be sure, now by a classic turn of the wheel a respectable Head of the State and striving to preserve the spirit of the Third Republic under the forms of the Fourth; on the other, his junior by many years, an acute, straightforward man of business, transformed by the magic of events into a statesman, stronger in principle than in political intrigue, well in with the higher ecclesiastics and with manufacturing interests, supported in Parliament by a numerous but then still somewhat inchoate group, the Peasants and Independents who came into serious existence only with last year's general election, a man holding a clear view of what was needed to give France relief from her immediate crisis. If there was divergence between the two men, it was the elder who dominated by weight of experience, encouragement, and knowledge of the steps that might lead to success. Whatever may have passed between them, M. Pinay, who had come to refuse a hopeless task, left President Auriol decided to try once more; he did so try, and did form a government that has stood up to shrewd knocks, and France's instant danger was averted.

That danger, as seen by M. Pinay, was simple. If a workable government could not be set afoot out of the heterogeneous groups and parties that composed the National Assembly—from any combination of which, be it noted, the Communist party was automatically excluded—then France was bankrupt, the bottom would fall out of the franc, suicidal inflation would ensue, and the whole administration of government, and of society with it, be threatened. A further argument keenly appealing to President Auriol was the risk that then the present type of parliamentary structure in France with all its defects and all its fascination to parliamentarians steeped in Third and Fourth Republic traditions might easily have been swept away in a constitutional catastrophe.

It is vastly to the credit of M. Pinay's sagacity that the danger was averted. All who have had occasion to come in contact with him are struck by his sound judgment, his power of concentrating the facts bearing on a problem, his habit of going directly to the point, his lucidity, his simplicity. A naughty caricaturist drew two important French politicians, anonymous of course, with the legend : 'I can't understand this man Pinay. Why, he talks complete sense.' The threat represented by such a new fashion was early understood by M. Pinay's political rivals, one of whom soon after M. Pinay's accession to the premiership was overheard in a heated indiscretion in the lobby of the National Assembly to say, 'We must get rid of him before he becomes too strong. If not, he may stick there for good.' Many people in France are still ready to start gunning for M. Pinay.

The remedies proposed by M. Pinay to cure France's crisis were as simple as the crisis itself : in the old phrase, retrenchment and reform. The reform here needed was financial and economic. Stop the appalling spiral of rising prices and wages. Reduce the cost of living. Create confidence. Induce the public to open some million 'woollen stockings' tied up and hidden away, to produce from them hoarded stores of banknotes and gold with which they bulged, and to lend them to the State at a reasonable rate of interest instead of lying sterile, often literally buried under hearths, and amid roots of trees, as well as in strong-rooms. There is said once to have been an American lawyer who made a fortune by composing disputes ; his method was to point out to commercial enemies exactly what they would lose if they fought, and when his opinion had been proved right in one or two cases, then in others men began to listen to him and took his advice. The method applied by M. Pinay to form and keep a majority in a singularly unruly National Assembly was similar. He did not argue with deputies or attempt to convince or induce them. He just said, sometimes almost in so many words, 'You are going to vote for what I consider the only measures capable of saving the situation. If you do not, I shall resign, there will be no one to follow me, and we shall all crash together.'

By July M. Pinay had won the position crucial for the success of his whole campaign to save the franc. Against

the opposition of the Socialists, and of course the Communists, with whom also voted a few less definite Left Wing deputies, M. Pinay carried his law for a sliding scale of wage increases, made thereby dependent on increases in the official scale of the cost of living. This cut the ground from under the feet of professional Left Wing agitators whose real object was by increasing wages to increase the cost of living and so make stable government impossible. If M. Pinay can during the autumn and coming winter cause prices to be held at the present level or, still better, drive them a point or two further down, his battle will have been three parts won, since he cannot be reasonably attacked by demands for higher wages. In view of the railwaymen's and miners' position in England, notice of this might be taken by us as a tip for use at home.

In the division on the sliding scale the R.P.F. or Gaullist party did not vote as such, save the dissidents who had just split off from the party, of which more later. Had the R.P.F. voted against the Government, M. Pinay would have fallen and all his campaign for sanity gone down the drain. This should be put to the credit side of the Gaullist account with the recording angel.

One significant, perhaps the fundamental, reason for M. Pinay's success so far has been the growing confidence extended to him by the mass of French people throughout the country, in the provinces more clearly than in Paris. Not that he failed to get support in the capital at an early date. From the first the 'Figaro,' by far the most widely read of French papers, brought to the new Prime Minister the influence of its brilliantly logical articles. Nevertheless, what tilted the balance was pressure from the constituencies on the M.R.P., Left Republicans, and Radicals who for various reasons would have been happy to see M. Pinay's fall, but dared not vote against him for fear of their electors' wrath.

In his campaign for bringing down prices, which was the cause of his popularity with the masses, M. Pinay was helped by the world tendency towards a slump or, in politer modern phraseology, a 'recession,' visible already last year, when the French textile industry was computed to have lost over 50 milliard francs, but affecting consumer prices only far more recently. Yet even taking this into account, the reduction in prices generally obtained

was remarkable. Still more important was the fact that the cost of living ceased to rise. This was the king-pin of M. Pinay's policy. To reduce prices was a very great step. To stop their rising was even more imperative, for it was that alone which could still the cry of wage earners and their political organisations for a continual increase in wages that spelled the ruin of the country and all classes in it.

In France it is to be observed that special difficulties existed in this matter of price arrest and reduction. In the first place, admirable as such a plan must strike the outside observer, especially in a country where the cost of living rocketed as it did in France during the two years preceding 'the Pinay experiment,' as it is called, by no means all classes there have been anxious to see it put into practice. Government pressure on producer associations and manufacturing combines had effect. With the commercial classes, salesmen, shopkeepers, and market managers, it has been a different story. Retail prices lagged stubbornly behind the wholesale in their beneficent decline; often they refused to budge. While everyone was willing to see his neighbours' prices brought down, any attempt to apply the same process to his own met with fierce opposition. Thus, the butchers' syndicate in Paris strenuously resisted a fixed ceiling price for their own wares, especially in the better qualities. And when in June and July of this year the unexpected heat caused a run on fruit, an unusual official effort had to be made to fix and enforce maximum prices, under threat of closing any delinquent shop; the price of peaches, one of the most plentiful as well as delicious and popular of French fruits, had jumped to over 4s. a lb. Many vegetables disappeared altogether from the shops. Again, an ingenious experiment by the French radio resulted in the discovery that in a cross section of average housewives existed a lamentable ignorance of the proper prices to be paid for a wide range of consumer goods, including various foods, the errors amounting to 15, 20, or even 25 per cent. In such circumstances buyers are largely at the mercy of sellers. The heritage of the black market under the German occupation, when anyone, who could find anything to buy, bought at any price up to the limit of his means, still hangs heavily on marketing in France. In general it

must be said that 'the Pinay experiment' has depended for the success so far achieved and will depend for its ultimate success, if this is achieved, on the confidence felt by the mass of workers and labourers in M. Pinay's good faith, and in their willingness to call a halt to what they consider their legitimate aspirations so as to give him a chance to succeed. An unimpeachable witness here is Jacques Duclos, the Communist leader, who noted in the confidential party diary found in his possession on his arrest last May: 'Pinay's policy is having a demoralising'—from the Communist point of view, naturally—'effect on the working class.'

In contrast to this there has been a woeful lack of cooperation among the commercial and shopkeeping classes without the vision to see that their effort to maintain high prices must, if effective, spell disaster for themselves as well as for everyone else. According to a highly intelligent chartered accountant, with a wide practice in town and country, these two classes are the most selfish and, as regards tax evasion, the least honest in the community. The habit of Paris shopkeepers to make the tenth shopper pay for what the nine before have refused to buy is of long standing. All these are against M. Pinay.

Down to the date of the summer recess of Parliament, after which no noticeable political development was to be expected until autumn, there was in any case good reason to hope for a substantial success to M. Pinay's credit. His amnesty for tax evaders produced but a derisory part of the effect predicted by optimists; in financial matters the French are an excessively cautious breed. But by the turn of the year the loan of 1952 had certainly brought in a sum in the neighbourhood of 430 million sterling, of which about half is stated to come from the pockets of hoarders, and 35 tons of gold have been coaxed from hidy-holes on to the market, to the great advantage of the Banque de France's reserves. Before the loan, dealings on the gold market amounted daily to about 400 million francs; after it, the figure rose to between one and three thousand million. All this is admittedly less than a triumph; but it is far from a failure. More was expected in particular from the rural classes, among the most obstinate hoarders; there is, however, room for further supplies still to come thence, if the special

autumn loan for agricultural improvements should be brought off. By the date of the Parliamentary vacation it can at all events be definitely said that the French Treasury situation had been seriously strengthened and the gold reserves increased. A certain amount of French capital too is understood to have been repatriated from abroad. For the general public what seemed of more importance was that in four months the index of the cost of living had gone down 5 points, whereas in the same period last year it went up 6. Giving the detailed figures of a family budget last July, a Paris weekly concluded that the cost of feeding four persons had gone down by 10 per cent. in the course of the preceding month. This must naturally astonish travellers, and especially those eating in smart restaurants. But it has been of real assistance to innumerable small middle-class families and a relief to that sorely tried class to whom their much shrunken pensions are a serious part of livelihood. Point has thus been lent to one of M. Pinay's *mots*: 'We've been busy with Treasury bookkeeping; let's busy ourselves with the housewife's bookkeeping too.' Before the seventh month of this year was out the cost of living based on the official list of consumer goods was going down by close on 1 per cent. per month. M. Pinay himself asserts that since March when he took office the cost of living has gone down by 7 points, while in one month French exports rose by nearly 6 per cent.

Outside the immediate economic view lie problems that, though their treatment and its results must impinge on economics, are less susceptible to the slogan that won many hearts to M. Pinay's side: 'Have confidence in confidence.' Nowadays all problems of State are closely interlocked: Germany, Communism, and the Constitution are as much parts of one gigantic problem confronting France as are her internal economy and solvency.

It might be thought that Tunisia should be added to the links of this chain. But Tunisia, its development and reforms, would be a small sideshow but for one irritating circumstance: the poison ivy of interference from sections of ignorant American opinion, snatched at by subversive or ambitious elements both in and outside Tunisia as a weapon to impede and, they hope, disrupt the patient work of colonial administration, stumbling between too rapid

and too timid progress. Throughout this year it has been a question for the French government how to devise any plan acceptable to the adversaries in Tunisia of the one or the other. It may be trusted that by now saner forces in America have understood that the only profiteer from outside clamour is America's chief enemy, Communism, and will in future leave France alone to handle a matter as much her own as State rights and State laws across the Atlantic. There is, however, no doubt that harm was done and doubt sown in French minds : all grist to the Kremlin's mill.

American statesmanship ought not to allow such harm to be done : to be blunt, America cannot afford it, nor can Great Britain, if we are serious in wishing to build a common front against Communist aggression. M. Schuman had a hard task to get his economic agreement and France's participation in the European army approved by the French government. He must have been particularly anxious for this, since on his all-important coal and steel pool scheme depends to a large extent the future of Franco-German economic peace, and for this he has consistently striven. His hands were then left free to work, with dubious British blessing, for the supranational economic authority that he fondly hopes may develop into an engine for the federation of Europe. But ratification by the National Assembly of France's share in the European Defence Community Scheme is a stiffer hurdle. The closer French people look at it, the more they dislike the prospect of solid German participation in the army, the less effective looks the vague Anglo-American guarantee against that participation turning one day into a separate and independent army that might be used for attack on France as easily as for defence against Soviet Russia. More easily even, for many, who know Germany well, refuse to believe that Germans will ever fight except for an united Germany. Disquiet also exists in France about the Sarre, which it is suspected that West Germany may still try to grab as a blackmailing counterpart to her agreement to serve in the cosmopolitan army. And there is a minor, yet not negligible, stumbling-block in the dispute over the joint Air Command in Europe. To allow further distrust to creep in is to endanger the whole structure of Western defence and encourage the insidious poison of

'neutralism' that has already far too tight a hold on ignorant or wilfully silly ideological sections of French opinion. Refusal by the French Parliament to ratify the European Defence Community scheme would have deplorable results for France, who would thereby be left out of all current major international relations; but it would be grave for Great Britain and America too, thus deprived of firm foothold in Western Europe and with France side-tracked in a no-man's-land limbo. Everything should be done by us to facilitate French ratification; nothing to give powder and shot to its enemies.

This situation, compounded of the German and the military problems, is complicated by the fact that France's real army is in the Far East. Indo-China has at last been recognised in England and America as a bastion of the Western front, partly owing to urgent French representation, partly to reiterated criticism in the past three years from private observers. Its defence against Sino-Communist assault demands an army of nearly 200,000 men, an expenditure of close on 450l. m. a year, and has almost drained France of her young officers, so fearful have been the casualties among them. Small wonder that the French as a whole have no enthusiasm for extending their military liabilities, especially when their own army in Europe is to be merged in one common effort, whereas the British army will continue to exist as a separate entity. Indo-China, it is understood, has been the subject of a somewhat curious proposal by Great Britain and the U.S.A., who offered to take over the whole burden of France's commitments there. In what form such an offer could have materialised, if accepted, whether with the Korean war on the hands of the United Nations it would have been in the least practicable, what long-term arrangements deriving from it could have been devised, are all disturbing questions and most difficult to answer. Not unnaturally, however, the French were unwilling to give up their interest in a country magnificently developed by them for over a hundred and fifty years, and refused to consider the suggestion. What they require is military aid in defending Indo-China for the common cause. They also need more precise assurances about Europe. As General de Gaulle has pointed out, the French have no certainty that America would use the atomic bomb to defend them,

in case of an air and land attack on the West by the Soviets.

Communism in the Far East has to be met rifle in hand. But in France herself it is a no less deadly enemy, for all that many Frenchmen even now refuse to recognise it as such. There still works among French intellectuals the leaven of the old suicidal faith in anything masquerading as progress that was a powerful cause in leading to the worst excesses of the French Revolution. Nevertheless, eyes have been opened in the course of the last nine months, partly through the resolute stand that has not ceased to be taken by General de Gaulle, still more through the clear determination of Communists in France to procure there the same dictatorship and slavery that characterises Soviet Russia. We are not the people to throw stones. A country that negligently allowed the treachery of Fuchs and Pontecorvo and only just scotched in time that of Marshall cannot reprove its neighbour for not taking sterner measures. It is indeed disquieting that Jacques Duclos, the French Communist leader, caught in the act of directing a violently seditious and insurrectional outbreak, should have been released by a judgment of the *Chambre de Mises en Accusation*—a cumbrous procedure to determine the legality of prosecutions—and that the President of the Court should have been a judge who a few weeks before had signed a protest against the dismissal from the Renault works of a number of hands who had attempted to create a political strike in the factory and had been flung out of it by their own fellow workmen. This act of the loyal Renault employees shows the political mentality of a large section of trade unionists to be in advance of that of a certain class of misguided or pusillanimous intellectuals. Articles in the 'Monde' attacking American policy have been received with approbation by the Communist organ 'Humanité.' Another disquieting symptom is the report from a well-informed source that some members of an important Order in the Church, moved by their traditional hostility towards another Order, known for its strongly patriotic attitude in France, have developed a marked "fellow traveller" tendency.

The pretext for the judgment liberating Duclos was that he had not been taken *in flagrante delictu* but only in

circumstances allowing the act to be inferred, and that therefore he was still covered by his Parliamentary immunity as deputy. Since, however, French jurisprudence regards such circumstances, even in the case of deputies, as evidence of *flagrant délit* in divorce procedure, without ocular evidence of adultery being exacted, it is hard not to regard the argument as something less than specious in a case involving the safety of the State.

M. Pinay's government, with his energetic Minister of the Interior, M. Charles Brune, seems, however, decided on a serious use of its powers to bar the way to Communism. The official view is that the Communist party cannot be outlawed and that outlawry might make things worse by driving it underground. Since full proof was obtained at Toulon and other keypoints that dangerous underground work goes on all the time, the latter supposition is at least debatable. The abortive Communist attempt at a rising in the last days of May—for to that a general political strike, if successful, would have amounted—made possible the dismissal of many Communist workers from munition plants and private factories and has spurred on the government to consider steps designed to exclude successful Communist candidates for the civil service from obtaining positions in it: at present all that can legally be done is to relegate them to minor jobs. The failure of the Communist Confédération Générale du Travail to whip up enthusiasm among the mass of workmen against such measures appears proof that, if put into practice, their extension would be well received. It is also worth noting that at a by-election in Paris in July the Communists failed to win the seat, despite vivid dissension among other parties, and that on a Sunday hot enough to discourage voters unless forced to the polls by iron party discipline.

The outstanding political event of last summer was, needless to say, the crisis in General de Gaulle's party, the most numerous in the National Assembly after last year's general election. Summary comment at the time suggested a complete break-up of the party to be likely. This was an exaggerated estimate. But the importance of the scission in the Rassemblement du Peuple Français is certain, although its extent and even its precise character may not be plain till later in the autumn when Parliamen-

tary votes shall show the result of party manoeuvres. A year ago it was hinted in this 'Review' that the Gaullist party might find greater force by not scoring so complete a triumph at the polls as it had hoped. Now cohesion gained from weeding out the less stalwart members, rather, from their weeding themselves out, may quicken the R.P.F. as a compact, united, though diminished, body. If no change within the body had been produced, one would say that the Gaullists' action in the National Assembly had been a catalysis: only, the chemical change it effected in others did not stop at that, which is the proper part of a catalyst, but went on further to produce a change in its own structure. Without the presence in the offing of the R.P.F. it is almost certain that M. Pinay would never have come to power: without the already dissident Gaullist deputies who voted him in he would never have stayed. To a foreign but sympathetic observer it then seemed regrettable that the R.P.F. could not unite in a common action with the M.R.P., dubbed by us Christian Democrats, M. Georges Bidault's party, also born of the Resistance movement, whose principles on many points ran parallel with those of the Gaullists, or with the Peasants and Independents, the group of M. Pinay, whose policy on the sliding wage-scale and on Tunisia has at least tacitly been approved by General de Gaulle and his followers. The impossibility of such a union derived mainly from the Socialist objection to Gaullism, since without a considerable measure of Socialist benevolence a valid coalition government could hardly be constructed. What gave M. Pinay's government life was that in the acuteness of the financial crisis many of his natural opponents dared not oppose him, plus the support of a number of Gaullists against the wish of their leader.

For General de Gaulle remained unshaken on the main plank in his platform: constitutional reform before anything else. 'Nothing of value,' he said this year, 'can be obtained, unless the State is set on its feet, if the public powers remain in confusion in the hands of parties, if the people see in those who conduct it merely representatives of their own divisions and foreigners merely supers on the stage in an impotent play. The deplorable constitution must be remade from top to bottom.' Not all of his party could live up to so rigorous a creed.

Some were perhaps blinded by the glittering prize of office almost within their grasp, others felt that the first essential was to bridge over the gulf immediately yawning at France's feet. Among the latter may surely be named Professor Pasteur Valéry-Radot, grandson of the great Louis Pasteur, indomitable man of the Resistance, who in hiding and under the German nose organised the medical service for the coming open struggle: rather than go against his chief, he simply resigned his seat as deputy. The R.P.F. lost some 35 of its 118 members in the Assembly, those who chose to retain their seats in it rather than follow Professor Valéry-Radot's lonely self-denying example forming yet another parliamentary group with yet another long and another meaningless name. Even among those who remained faithful to the original Rassemblement programme there has been searching of heart. But General de Gaulle remained unshaken. The word of a high-minded political leader—it may be guessed, M. Paul Reynaud—was quoted to him: 'How sad to see the chief of the Resistance left by the wayside.' General de Gaulle retorted: 'Does he think I ought to have flagged every passing car and gone hitch-hiking?' Against certain counsels said to have been tendered him to retire for a while Achilles-like to his tent, General de Gaulle appears to have made his own the views of his two ablest lieutenants, M. Gaston Palewski and M. Jacques Soustelle, and to have decided to await the moment he foresees for action at the head of a smaller, but firmer and tougher, following.

What may be the outcome of a situation whose confusion was thus worse confounded, the future alone can tell. One unhappy moral to be drawn from the juncture is, in the words of a clever Frenchwoman: 'In politics the French often adore chaos but never order.' It is hard not to see in the troubles of the R.P.F. a recrudescence of the volatile and centrifugal vanity that vexed seventeenth-century France under the name of the *Fronde*. The petulant haste for success betrayed by many of the Gaullist rebels has an unmistakable *frondeur* smack. They brand the party discipline that irked them as 'authoritarianism,' forgetful that party discipline alone made strong the Communists, the Socialists, and even the Radicals in successive French parliaments—not to say every efficient

party in any parliament. This is not to deny that an arguable case exists. It may be conceived that in playing a more elastic game General de Gaulle could have gained a commanding position in alliance with other parties or fractions of them. Yet such an alliance would have been uneasy, beyond question transitory. The Socialists detest the General as an alleged militarist and an avowed opponent of *le dirigisme*, that is, our Labour party's system of state control and enterprise; the Radicals shrink from him as a Catholic; the M.R.P. and he are severed by personal antagonisms, as well as by the M.R.P. predilection for compromise with enemies to their principles. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that the Rassemblement has an economic tendency growing out of the Resistance movement, as was chronicled in this 'Review' before the end of the war. General de Gaulle's proposal to reorganise industry on a wide profit-sharing basis, which he maintains to be the proper way of smoothing out and in future avoiding clashes between Capital and Labour, is equally unpalatable to the Socialists with their programme of State ownership and to the Radicals, perhaps also many of the M.R.P., who have always favoured close on untrammelled rights on the part of private ownership.

But beyond this General de Gaulle felt and has repeatedly said that any parliamentary alliance to accept office under the present system would imply surrender of the whole position that the Rassemblement was formed to maintain. 'Does one fight demons,' he cried at this year's R.P.F. Convention that provoked the split, 'by allying with demons?' The word may be strong, even detached from any personal allusion; and it is certain that General de Gaulle did not imply any. What he did imply was that the existing French parliamentary system, essentially the same as that which produced the catastrophe of 1940, or even more faulty than that, is so rotten that no national strength, no lasting stability of government can be born of it. It is not for a foreigner to judge; but when the names are recalled of some of France's ablest public men who, having tried the system in practice, pronounced similar condemnation, and in view of the result given by it in the moment of supreme crisis, it would be rash to assume General de Gaulle to be in error.

Meanwhile no one should think that France as a whole

has been intent on these high matters. Politics is a grand game to French politicians but evokes less interest in the bulk of the nation than the newspapers would make one think, unless indeed the cost of living be in question. Once the Communist effort at violence was seen to be mastered, Paris, and all France with her, resumed interest, vital to the tourist industry, in the Grande Semaine, the National Lottery, the Tour de France, annual giant among bicycle races, the series of marvellous fêtes organised both in the capital and in the châteaux of the Loire, the prolonged joy in the national festival of July the 14th, the *congés payés* or working-class holidays, the price of wheat, the exodus to sea and mountain that fill the months of August, September, and even July. Together with Parliament, half Paris shuts up at once. 'What,' a young visitor to Paris is said to have asked, 'is this stuff that all the shops advertise over their windows—*fermeture annuelle*?' France is by nature carefree. She loves life and relaxation. The silly season exists there as with us, and columns in the Press discuss the question of spelling reform: shall the French write horses 'chevaus,' canals 'canaus,' a man 'home,' a woman 'fame'? Much fun can be gleaned outside the field of politics. When autumn is on its way to winter will be time enough to worry whether textiles will recover, whether Government can be strong without constitutional reform, whether the waiting wolves will get their chance at M. Pinay, what are the hopes of a government as nearly stable as his, should he be torn down, in a word whether (always French fashion) there is 'nothing like leather.' If Frenchmen's hearts are gay, Frenchmen's nerves are of steel, and they can cheerfully put off thinking of the evil day until the evil day comes—if come indeed it does.

JOHN POLLOCK.

POSTSCRIPT.

The above article was in type when, in the last week of this past summer, startling corroboration was furnished of the strictures passed in it on the avaricious egoism of the French commercial classes. M. Pinay, during a brief holiday, was straining every nerve to lay the foundations of a balanced budget for 1953, yet keep his promise of not increasing taxation. He was also fighting for the retention of the July price

(Continued on p. 511).

Art. 2.—MEMORIES OF BEATTY.

‘ Hanc norint unam saecula naumachiam.’—MARTIAL.

JELlicoe's career has been treated by biographers including himself. Beatty left no Apologia. Until Rear-Admiral Chalmers recently wrote Beatty's life, his memory has remained clouded. Any puzzles or uncertainties have now been blown away, but at tragic cost. The letters to Lady Beatty reveal the unsuspected miseries of an ‘ amazing marriage ’ which only Meredith could describe. There is an apt quotation in ‘ Beauchamp's Career,’ but it is in ‘ Modern Love ’ that the truth lies :

‘ The union of this ever-diverse pair !
These two were rapid falcons in a snare.’

And there are more letters which ‘ would fill volumes and perhaps one day may be brought to light.’ Jellicoe's life need not be written again, but Beatty's promises, like Nelson's, to produce a hardy annual. No doubt they would have gone into action similarly. Future biographers will find parallel struggles with Admiralty cheese-paring, politicians, and all that inspired Bobbie Burns once to plead :

‘ But God sake let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonnie barges and boats this day.’

Romantic biographers have drunk their fill of the charms of Lady Hamilton. *La femme fatale* was a more tragic entanglement in Beatty's life, especially as she was his wife.

If future writers descend upon the gaps and seek to collect and collate every shred of the biographic shroud, as in Nelson's case, the first thing they will ask is : was Beatty a real Irishman ? The genealogists will get busy, especially as he considered himself ‘ of the Irish persuasion with a dash of the French in me.’ Admiral Chalmers only tells us that his family was ‘ well known in the County of Wexford for the past two hundred years,’ a great-grandfather fought at Waterloo, and a great-grandmother was credited with being buried twice, once all alive oh !

The Waterloo great-grandfather married Elizabeth Martin, whose ancestor Miles had fought at the Boyne for King William of Orange. Miles was Milesian, for

his grandmother Eleanor was daughter of Rose O'Neill and Sir John O'Dogherty. This historical Rose was daughter of no less than Shane O'Neill, surnamed 'the Proud,' who met the armies of Queen Elizabeth and held most of Ulster by the sword. David Beatty's grandfather married a Mary Longfield in 1838, grand-daughter of Elizabeth Conroy, who was aunt to Sir John Conroy, who excited the young Queen Victoria's resentment by being over-gallant to the Duchess of Kent.

Elizabeth Conroy was the daughter of one of the Dublin wits in the eighteenth century and grand-daughter of a Fearfasa Conroy who became a Protestant to save the family property. Fearfasa's father was John O'Mul-conroy, who fought against Cromwell before he served under Marshal Turenne, like thousands in the Irish Brigade. He was killed at the passage of the Rhine in 1672. His father Thorna had died of wounds received at the Battle of Ballintobber, so there was sufficient bloodstain to justify Admiral Beatty to write to a schoolgirl:

'H.M.S. "Princess Royal" (Feb. 17, 1915).

'Dear Miss Sally Lynn, I am sorry you were detained by the Latin Class and were unable to get down to South Queensferry. Yes indeed I am *certainly Irish* and proud of it, too. I hope the signature at the bottom will serve your purpose.'

Beatty's grandmother, Mary Longfield, was the only child of an old family, whose estates she inherited. She could, had she been a male, have claimed the peerage of Longueville, which for a moment was thought a possible title for the Admiral. He took Borodale in memory of the Wexford foxhounds that his grandfather mastered for forty years. The Longfields came from Wales to Dublin about 1660. A hundred years later Richard Longfield became Sheriff of Cork and was created Viscount Longueville, and sported 'a demilion rampant, gules' which returned into heraldry based on Beatty's coronet.

The interest in Irish bloods lies in the initial impulses which threw them into the country and the subsequent ones which threw them out (having cohabitated and coalesced with previous entrants) into the services and wars of every country except their own.

Possessing Celtic descents, Beatty had a line of superstition in his mental spectrum. He never failed to salute

the new moon from the bridge. In younger days he and Lady Beatty frequented the famous 'Mrs Robinson,' but who did not in high Edwardian society? In 1900 he recorded on paper her forecast of his 'fairytale' of a life. It makes an interesting test of such premonition. Later he thought her 'silly,' but he found that fortune-tellers helped to soothe and cheer his distracted wife. During the war they made light entertainment for weary officers. Admirals used to refer jestingly to the most famous witch of Edinburgh, if not Endor. This accounts for an amusing signal which Beatty once made to Cowan as they steamed towards the enemy—'Does Josephine offer any hopes to-day?' One wonders what the German Intelligence made of it, if they picked it up.

He believed in luck and in his star, but Chalmers brings out his sturdy naval sentiment towards the God who made the sea. He placed himself and his ships under *le bon Dieu* as reverently as did Nelson. Sometimes he was a little cross with the Divinity over the weather during the war. But the weather was sometimes more neutral than for long was suspected. During peace-time on bank holidays he would contemplate the seasonal torrents and mutter: 'Heaven just would open the taps on a day like this.'

He had an eye for natural history; he wrote his wife a wonderful letter about sea-birds and shore-birds while 'booming along in a wet fog' down the Shannon and most delightful of all, about 'two curlews calling to each other like the wail of two lost souls.' From the bridge amid unpolluted air he pitied a wife 'in stuffy London surrounded by a polluted atmosphere and the crowds of hunters of excitement.'

He loved talking to old Scotch gillies about the birds and fish. Even in his Reigate Priory garden he enjoyed talking with gardeners about the pleasures of the early morning when every bird and animal was up. He was most pleased with a gardener's phrase that at that hour 'every worm had its song.'

Much has been written about his love for horses and hunting. No distinction pleased him more than when the farmers of Leicestershire made him free of their fields and presented him with a cup, to signify that he could ride over their pastures at pleasure.

There was a time when he planned to resign from the Admiralty and the King wrote to beg him to remain for the extra two years. He consulted his sister, Mrs Courage, with : ' Old girl, what am I to do now ? The dream of my life has been to be Master of the Quorn : What am I to do ? ' She replied, as doubtless he had wished : ' You must stay on as the King wishes and give up the dream of the Quorn.' And he did.

There is a destiny in the lives of admirals. Jellicoe and Beatty were always destined to live intertwined careers. Both were serving in the Mediterranean in 1893 when the ' Camperdown ' rammed and sank the ' Victoria,' the flagship of Sir George Tryon. Destiny, having struck hard at British sea-power, relented in the direction of the future. Neither Beatty nor Jellicoe were amongst the sailors whose bodies sank to the bottom of the Mediterranean. From the sick-bay of the ' Victoria ' a young and promising officer, Jellicoe, was pushed through the water by a steward. The ' Camperdown ' was joined by Beatty a few months later. If Lord Charles Beresford, his mother's great friend, could have had his way, young Beatty would have been aboard the flagship.

The gallant admiral had always taken a great interest in Beatty. It was the belief in the Beresford family that Lord Charles had wanted to marry Beatty's romantic mother when she was only sixteen. When Beatty was a midshipman of twelve, he was posted to the China Station. His mother had no wish to see her finest boy despatched to the Yellow Sea, so she took the first train on pretext that she had shopping in London. She remained away for two days, her real object being an interview with Lord Charles, the most prominent and dashing of Irish sailors. Pleading old days, she ventured to ask something big and requested that Lord Charles should take immediate steps to post her precious son to ' the best ship in the Navy,' whichever that might be. The instant result was that David Beatty was appointed to the flagship of the Duke of Edinburgh, then commanding in the Mediterranean, H.M.S. ' Alexandra.' It was the last a devoted mother could do for her boy, for she died in 1896 assured of his fame only in her prophetic soul.

He would have been a good prophet who could have picked out Beatty and Jellicoe in those days as the future

wielders of the world's greatest fleets and the instruments of British destiny.

Destiny never allowed them to be far divided. In the Egyptian Campaign she made a half-hearted attempt to send Jellicoe where Beatty was serving, but his admiral refused to spare him. Both served in the China Campaign, where both were severely wounded. Each might easily have been lost to the service. Thenceforward they ascended the ladder together. Jellicoe was on the Board of Admiralty which obtained a special Order in Council to sanction Beatty's promotion to Flag rank, though Beatty had not filled the regulation six years at sea. By special authorisation the youngest captain in the Navy became the youngest admiral.

During the critical years they were the 'white hopes' of the Admiralty. Jutland rendered their names imperishably united. The one succeeded the other first as Commander-in-Chief and then as First Lord. They were made Admirals of the Fleet together.

Jutland proved their great testing, so different in character and action. The battle left scars on their souls from which neither recovered.

The most valuable part of Chalmers' book is an impartial account of the battle, actually witnessed by the biographer from the bridge of the 'Lion' on the day and pondered all the years since. Suppose Southey to have been at Trafalgar!

There is little to be added to such a Life save personal memories here and there with pointers for future biographers to follow.

What was Beatty's real opinion of Jellicoe? It was twofold: deep appreciation of the moral greatness and courage of the sailor, but personally bitterly regretful of the Jutland tactics. In public he was very discreet, especially when the Jutland controversy troubled the Navy and the public. He had kept out of the Beresford-Fisher conflict.

In the twenties he escaped to his many homes, Reigate Priory, Grantully Castle, and Hanover Lodge. Few sailors were among his guests—Lady Beatty's friends and a few of his own, mostly sportsmen, Lord Dundonald, General Bridges. Sometimes after the grouse-drive or after the port he would solemnly discuss Jutland. I

remember no sailor being present except the devoted 'Flags,' Commander Ralph Seymour.

Beatty won a devotion from his men and captains that went back to the feeling of the Fleet for Nelson. Ralph Seymour suited him admirably, although some of the signals went wrong at the Dogger Bank and Scarborough. 'Flags' received plenty of blame, but Beatty stood by him loyally. Seymour's devotion to Beatty was a religion, and when subsequent to the war the first misunderstanding arose, 'Flags' threw himself to his death on the occasion of the Admiral's triumphant visit to Brighton. Beatty was said to have taken little notice after reading of it in the evening paper, but those around him know that it affected him far more deeply than he would allow. He responded to devotion. Seymour, and Spickernell, his secretary, were his closest.

Beatty never celebrated the battle. As he wrote (June 1, 1921): 'The Secretary and I celebrated the 31st May in silence. No one else noticed it. Memories are short.'

Silence was his attitude to visitors about Jutland. On the several occasions on which I had the privilege of hearing him talk, he preferred to allude to the lighter incidents of the battle. Some were endearingly comic. During the height of the struggle he and another observed and heard two stokers who had come up for a whiff of fresh air. Their conversation drifted to the bridge. It concerned the matrimonial fortunes of a third party and the concluding sentence remained as vividly etched as any of the day's sentences on Beatty's brain: 'I always said 'e should 'ave took Maria.' Beatty always added that it was his destiny never to know who was 'Maria.'

Another incident remained with him. He returned to his cabin to find that the ship's cat had kitted in his dress hat. He often relieved his soul by recounting the minutes of that terrible day. He was always grimly pleased that he had made Hipper change his flag when the 'Lutzow' was disabled. It was tit for tat. Hipper had made Beatty change his flag when the 'Lion' was disabled at the Dogger Bank.

He spoke with the utmost contempt for the manner in which the German ships had been surrendered without a fight. When the German admiral came on board he had

saluted him, but as sailor to sailor he was unwilling to shake hands. He thought the German captains should have sunk their ships in the middle of the North Sea. It was the course he would have followed had he been in their place. In one respect later he divined their intentions accurately. He became convinced that they would scuttle their ships.

Jellicoe he appreciated to the full—he recognised his strategic mind and obstinacy, the very virtues which had lost Beatty his vengeance at Jutland.

As far back as the manœuvres of 1913 he had written : ' I expect Jellicoe is doing exactly what I said he would do,' and ' Always remember that what he said he would do in battle, he did,' Beatty used to say. I always presumed that this meant that under any circumstances Jellicoe would turn battleships away from torpedoes and rigidly adhere to his own battle order. To have done otherwise would have infringed on the plans worked out. Beatty sincerely believed that the plan of manœuvre should have been changed in order to assist his hard-pressed battle-cruisers. The most he would ever say was : ' Jellicoe was not the man to come to anyone's rescue.' It was the nearest word he ever uttered to bitterness. What he meant was that Jellicoe would never change his main strategy to make a tactical rescue. Fisher described Jellicoe as ' saturated with discipline.'

It was this that sank like iron into Beatty's soul, though he seldom gave expression to what he could never forget.

When he became First Lord and the public were jittering about criticisms supposed to be contained in the ' suppressed ' Harper Report (which was really as factual as a Bradshaw Railway Guide) Beatty called for a fuller appreciation of the battle. This appeared under the direction of a Committee, and an abridged edition was later given to the public under the title of ' Narrative of the Battle of Jutland.' All copies of the unabridged edition were later collected and burnt by Beatty's successor, Admiral Sir Charles Madden. The reason was that Beatty had told Dewar ' to bring out its lessons,' and this he had done in some very flamboyant passages. Beatty would never allow his copy to pass out of his touch, but he enjoyed reading passages aloud to a limited company, sometimes of one only. Nobody who had not been

present at one of these 'penny readings' could realise Beatty's genuine feelings about Jutland. The difference between the two editions was certainly that between 'penny plain and twopenny coloured.'

He kept the suppressed copy in a locked box. Once he let me read it in his London house, but never out of his sight. He returned it to safekeeping murmuring: 'It will not be published.' Whether he succeeded in leaving a copy for distant posterity will not be known for some time. At present the public must accept 'the omission of various comments on tactics and methods of command' and—Admiral Chalmers continues—he 'suppressed the view it presented of his leadership and tactics, which redounded so greatly to his name and fame.'

By the time we joined the ladies, there would be no further mention of Jellicoe or Jutland. Beatty was aware how much ladies' tongues and especially admirals' wives (who are a race to themselves) had done to acerbate the controversy.

What does the Admiralty do with letters of admirals' wives? There was one, we were told, who wrote embittered libel to the Admiralty almost daily in complete anonymity, except that she always forgot to remove her husband's address from the notepaper!

It is pleasant to record later references made by Beatty when he wrote to Lady Beatty abroad in 1925:

'Jellicoe and I were the guests of the evening and we were like brothers.' 'Everybody thought in those days that Jellicoe was the best admiral we had. He certainly was the cleverest and because he failed on one particular occasion, which would have proved the greatness or otherwise of the man, I do not think can be put down to Winston. He has been a very good friend to me and has backed me many times under circumstances of great difficulty.'

On the first anniversary he was asked by his officers if he intended to keep the day of Jutland. Memorably he replied: 'that was one of the saddest days of my life, on which I lost many old and valued friends and the Navy missed one of the greatest opportunities of achieving the greatest and most glorious victory and therefore it could not be in any sense considered a day for celebration.'

Beatty had not conceived it possible for battle-cruisers to blow up. The easy victory of the Falkland Islands had

really sowed defeat, for it led to the feeling that the 'Invincible' really was invincible.

The German battle-cruisers remained afloat, but the moral effects of not being sunk demoralised the personnel. They had endured and lived to describe what the crews of the 'Queen Mary' and 'Invincible' were spared. Destiny or Providence never called for a complete showdown between the Dreadnoughts. Perhaps it was just as well that it did not occur in 1916 before the shells had been improved.

Jellicoe fought by book, but Beatty was liable to inspiration. Admiral Sheer had improvised 'by a brilliant and unforeseen manœuvre' for which the British Navy had no counter-measure. It was like playing a new move at chess, say giving the Knight a Queen's move, utterly disconcerting to an opponent.

Discipline of course is fatal to improvisation. Jellicoe had fought as though on manœuvres. Sheer improvised in desperation. Beatty was urging Jellicoe to improvise when he made his signal begging him to follow and cut off the German fleet, as Chalmers writes :

'Beatty was fully justified in making the signal; the signal was delayed in transmission, but the Commander-in-Chief's prompt approval when he eventually received it and his order to the battle fleet to steer west goes to show that the two leaders in the height of battle were in complete accord.'

Chalmers describes Beatty sinking down in the chart-room of the 'Lion' after Jutland and repeating wearily : 'There is something wrong with our ships and something wrong with our system.'

There was indeed, and it included inefficient shells and insufficient deck-plating. Beatty had fought on the supposition that he not only had the better men but the better ships. He can never be blamed for not knowing that he was leading death-traps into action. He used to describe every agonising incident, the horrors of the day—the stench arising from the sea, the cries of the men, and, perhaps most distressing, having to answer the queries of Jellicoe the next day as to the whereabouts of the 'Queen Mary' and 'Indefatigable,' which would only be answered by monosyllables as grim as fate: 'Sunk'; 'Sunk.'

No more battle-cruisers were lost during the war, but

none came into action. Their German opposites would not face them, more due to British personnel than to superior build. During the war both sides had learnt their building mistakes and taken steps to protect the exposed magazines, which had lost the 'Queen Mary' and 'Invincible' and very nearly the 'Lion' at Jutland and 'Seydlitz' for the Germans at the Dogger Bank. Chalmers tells us that 'the bitter lesson was brought home and the necessary modifications applied to the British ships.' This did not cover the 'Hood,' which was of a pre-Jutland design. Beatty as Sea Lord wanted her rebuilt, but the Government would not allow the money. She remained 'on the list' but was never taken in hand for ten years. Then, just as the ship-builders were about to start on her, the second war arrived!

There was something to be said for Fisher's policy of scrapping obsolete ships and concentrating on mightier Dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers. He preferred speed to armour. The 'Hood' was the last of the experiment. On her destruction at a single shot, the Americans quickly changed the two battle-cruisers they were building into carriers. *Sic transit gloria maris!*

On the three occasions when Beatty foresaw that he was sailing into certain battle, he handed a large blue envelope to Grint, the beloved captain of his Yacht—to give to Lady Beatty should he fail to return. But his orders were to make certain he was dead before he delivered it. Each time that he returned from battle he recalled the missive. It was curious that each time his instinct told him he was entering danger, for they were the occasions of his three great battles at sea.

Lady Beatty's incessant and incurable failure to rest her mind on any subject that roused her was the Admiral's abiding cross, and it has been necessary for Mr C. S. Forrester to write an apologia in the introduction for Beatty's marriage to a divorced lady without incurring any of the social or professional forfeits customary under the Victorian and Edwardian eras. The Admiralty and Destiny conspired together to prevent an excellent and promising officer being lost to the service of his country—is the simple explanation. But the lady's manias seem inexplicable unless they were hereditary.

For a time Dr Coué of Nancy offered a cure, and house-parties at Esher Place led by the Admiral devoted them-

selves to litanising string-rosaries to the tune of—'better and better this day and every day.' At that time King Albert of Belgium was recommending the services of his son Charles to the British Navy until he could attain the rank of sub-lieutenant. In return the Beattys recommended Dr Coué, who had some success with the King, but of course he and Lady Beatty were very different patients and she gradually lost hope in every healer and sanatorium in turn. There was a time when she refused to leave home or be controlled—and nights which the exhausted Admiral described as 'worse than Jutland.'

Even this would not justify some of the sensational headlines which appeared over the reviews of Admiral Chalmers' book, in which the 'amazing marriage' was given entire attention by the Hollywood-minded Press.

It should be realised that Lady Beatty was neither able to make nor mar his career. Doubtless her character made it impossible for him to take up a Vice-royalty or Governorship after the war, like Jellicoe and his amiable consort. But she was never allowed to direct or spoil his naval career. He put the Navy before his wife almost angrily at times, as when he rebuked her soundly for worrying the Admiralty about the ports of call which would most suit her convenience!

It must be pointed out that as far as his career was concerned, Lady Beatty's wealth effected nothing. In fact it must have worked otherwise. A jealous service scrutinised his advance with special care. There was a famous legend in the Navy that when he was threatened as a captain with a court martial she said, 'What! court martial my David? I'll buy him another cruiser.'

Her wealth brought sport and luxuries no doubt—houses which she often sold without consulting his wishes; horses which she grudged his riding and hunting when she was not well enough to accompany him.

Beatty refused to allow her wealth to influence him in the least. It is ridiculously untrue in the opinion of any who knew Beatty to accept Mr Forrester's view that 'the knowledge that his wife enjoyed a handsome income from the Field millions must have been a comfort indeed when he was making the vital decision to refuse the appointment of Second in Command of the Atlantic Fleet.' Comfort indeed! How often he wished those millions at the

bottom of the sea and murmured that he had paid too dearly for them !

In the words of another sailor who retired with a supreme decoration (Commodore Augustus Agar, V.C.) :

‘ Beatty’s professional merits were at first misjudged by his naval contemporaries. They said he was lucky : that his wife’s wealth and social position gave him independence, and consequently preferment over themselves : that the service was only a convenience for him. It was in this atmosphere of whispering jealousy that Beatty was given command of the famous Battle-cruiser Squadron by Churchill, whose unerring judgment picked out the very man we needed at sea.

‘ It was not long before the whispering critics afloat reversed their opinions, for they soon realised his qualities as a seaman and gifts of handling ships and men. All became devoted followers and thus a team-spirit arose in this squadron which was soon to manifest itself in battle in the early actions afloat. It was the Nelson spirit again, and he was indeed the greatest sailor Britain has produced since Nelson.’

He found reasoning with his wife impossible and could only declare himself atrociously misunderstood. It was not his fault if she became hysterical when he took another lady to see his rose-garden or if he accidentally met an attractive woman in public. He developed a technique for reporting all such encounters in terms of horror and harridantry. Some ladies of the time, thought to be so beautiful, would have been surprised if they had known the descriptions of their lack of charm which were reported to soothe Lady Beatty. It had its amusing side.

They could not escape each other. He would never allow her to be committed to a mental home, nor would he think of divorce, believing he was doomed to love her to the bitter end. All his life he wrote long descriptive letters with the gossip and gallantry he hoped would please her. When she was lying ill, he would read to her till four in the morning. He could not have loved her as much as he did, loved he not honour more.

Still, she had a great side and was never petty in big things. She could face reality, but not the broodings of her imagination. It was into her arms that he fell for strength and comfort after Jutland. She was magnificent in organising her Yacht for hospital purposes and in all her naval charities. An oil magnate persuaded her, out

hunting, to invest her Jutland Fund in his precious shares. When the shares sank, she threatened him with social disgrace and so terrified him that he signed a colossal cheque for the benefit of the widows and orphans. Her character was so much stronger than her nerves. In hours of external difficulty and despair she always rose splendidly to the occasion. But all domestic difficulties she created spasmodically.

But Jutland! The memory of Jutland was ever present in his mind. He had long set himself above controversy. Occasionally he turned over the books of criticism which were issued in disparagement of himself. He suffered a review to be written of an American naval writer's book, and published in a New York paper under my name. He seemed more sensitive to what appeared in the American continent. When 'The Riddle of Jutland' was published by Langhorne Gibson he dictated a scornful letter to be sent and signed by one of his sons, but in the end he regained his self-control and the letter was never sent. For these and other criticisms he had a formula—'Well, at least I was at Jutland. I should know.' He used to insist that if he had waited for Evan-Thomas he could never have come up to Hipper: and also that he had been twice in action with the High Seas Fleet.

And when there had been any discussion he would close down with the phrase: 'Well, everyone did their best.'

One morning there arrived an autographed copy of Jellicoe's first book about the war. What an association piece! But Beatty would not read it. He put it aside and later, finding me engrossed in the pages, asked me grimly for my worthless opinion. Later he asked me for an account of the 'Jutland' film at the Polytechnic, which I gave him, but it saddened him. He told me he could not have borne it and that it was a 'stupid mistake' sending it to America, where he was afraid it would breed ridicule. 'No amount of advertisement could change what ought to have been a great victory.'

The only time that Beatty was known himself to have drawn maps of Jutland was at the Peace Conference at San Remo in 1921, which appears to have been full of light-hearted exchanges. The climax occurred on April 26, when Marshal Foch asked Beatty privately for an explanation. Beatty sat down and drew different phases of the

battle, which were needed as Foch could not understand Beatty's French. By the time I had visited the Villa Devachan these fascinating maps had all been carried off as souvenirs. I venture to think that they will prove of great interest to future biographers as they illustrated what Beatty considered had really happened.

Many letters appear in Admiral Chalmers' book, but the most important is missing: the eight-page letter which he wrote on the evening after Jutland to the Dean of Windsor, Dr Baillie, who had been a friend of the Beatty family when they hunted at Rugby. The Dean wrote to me that the letter contained Beatty's reactions of bitter frustration, which crushed him for the time. This confidential document he showed to no one and locked up for safety. When he moved to Windsor he found it had been stolen. So the most historical letter Beatty ever wrote has disappeared.

Perhaps the Secret Service could explain. It would have been essential at that time to keep such a letter from German eyes. A similar letter was sent at the same time to his sister. She realised its perilous content and destroyed it, but there can be no doubt the Admiral had intended that one copy should survive for posterity. Dean Baillie records in his Memoirs receiving this letter. The Admiral's sister writes about hers thus:

'I can't remember that letter, except it was written as a famous Hunt, where his second horse never came up in time, so he could not kill his fox—and if he had, it would have been the most wonderful Hunt in History. He knew I would understand what he meant.'

Beatty was a great letter-writer, as the much-curtailed specimens show. The script was of the flowing quill variety. Addresses were always written with the same tilt as he gave his famous cap. I never saw an envelope otherwise.

Amongst the many large houses in which he and Lady Beatty entertained was Reigate Priory, where Lord Howard of Effingham had lived, and I explained to him the 'Flodden Achievement' in the Howard Arms. Beatty's interest lay in Howard's pursuit of the Spanish Armada northward as far as May Island, which was where the German High Seas Fleet was surrendered to himself.

From Reigate he used to motor himself to the Admiralty on the duty he never missed. When he still occupied Hanover Lodge in Regent's Park, he was fond of the long walk. The exercise prepared him for the labour. He never knew when he would not have to fight civilian Sea Lords or Cabinet Ministers. He had learnt how to deal with them : Carson and Geddes in wartime, and in peacetime Walter Long, Baldwin, Ramsay MacDonald. It was MacDonald whom he was most pleased with conquering. In fact he appreciated Socialists like Ammon and Hodges. It was Chancellors of the Exchequer whom he fell foul of, like Snowden and Churchill. He liked Walter Long who once rose from a bed of sickness to help him to save the Navy. They once had an amusing *pourparler* on how to deal with Fisher, who in his best 'Jackydaisical' manner had disclosed naval secrets in a book. No enemy would believe that secrets could be dropped in this fashion, so no public notice was taken. Against Baldwin he brought double pressure. On one hand the whole Board of Admiralty were ready to walk out with Beatty, who at the same time sought Mrs Baldwin at a London party and told her privately that in less than a month she would no longer be sleeping with the Prime Minister of England ! Thus he succeeded in spreading the necessary alarm.

The end came for both the Jutland admirals within much the same period of time (November 1935 to March 1936). Beatty's end was drawing near and he made full provision for the future. It was not to be as he had wished. His father had prayed to be killed in the hunting-field. He himself had wished to die like Nelson, a death not permitted by the Power whom he had acknowledged no less faithfully.

It is a privilege of historians to imagine the words found written on the hearts of the mighty dead. History tells how Queen Mary exclaimed that 'Calais' would be found inscribed on hers. Were David Beatty's last thoughts returning to the pale stretches of water under which lay his beloved battle-cruisers ? We shall not know. During his last years his thoughts and anxiety had been with the future not the past of the Navy. His actual last words uttered went back to hunting days. Nelson once remonstrated with the supine Lords of the Admiralty and had

written that on his heart would be found written : ' More frigates.' Perhaps Beatty's heart would have yielded the words : ' More cruisers ' !

He never let anyone know that his heart was weakening. He was lying ill and feverish when Jellicoe's death was announced. Beatty's words were, ' So Jellicoe has gone ! Well, I feel I shall be the next to be summoned. I do not think the call will be long. I am tired. I am tired.'

He was determined to attend the ceremony with which his old Commander-in-Chief was borne to St Paul's. His medical adviser forbade him to face the cold weather, but as he said : ' What will the Navy say if I fail to attend Jellicoe's funeral ? ' He was absolutely determined to carry out his duties as pall-bearer, and well fortified with drugs and enveloped in an immense cape, he struggled bravely along. He looked so deathlike passing through Fleet Street that a glass of brandy was brought out to him from a newspaper office. His next visit to the chilly sanctuary of St Paul's was destined to be his own funeral.

Meantime King George V died and again Fripp forbade him to attend the pageant of the streets, but he insisted that it was not only his King but his best friend whom he was determined to honour. Jellicoe's funeral had lowered his vitality, but attendance on King George's last levée in the halls of death brought Admiral Beatty his own end.

The two Admirals, at least all that is mortal of them, lie under the immense dome whose glittering cross crowns the City-of-London. All that is immortal of them has passed into the story of England and the fighting spirit of the British Navy.

Nor were they allowed by their ancient foes to rest in peace. During the Second World War salvo after salvo of bombs fell around the Cathedral, which was penetrated in the forecastle as well as in the nave, the very term the Church has borrowed from ships.

Flames roared around St Paul's during those nights as high and mighty as the explosions that rose at Jutland, and it was impossible not to believe that the Admirals were not receiving their last salute from the guns, were it not that to all who believe in the immortality of the soul their unwearying spirits were still guarding the bleak latitudes of the North Sea.

SHANE LESLIE.

Art. 3.—QUAKER TERCENTENARY.

IN this year of grace 1952 there has been a gathering at Oxford of members of the Society of Friends from all over the world, followed by a commemorative pilgrimage to the North of England. We did not meet to celebrate the founding of our Society, for we were not 'founded'; like Topsy, we 'just grewed'; but rather in memory of the uprush of missionary enthusiasm in 1652, which resulted in sixty young men and women from the North setting out by ones and twos to preach all over England and beyond 'the everlasting Gospel.'

Quakerism was not a new religion invented in the middle of the seventeenth century by a man named George Fox. It had its roots very deep in the past; for it was the latest and most enduring of the 'Primitive Christianity' movements. From time to time, almost from the earliest days of the Christian Church, small groups of believers have tried to return to 'the everlasting Gospel'; that is to say, to what they believe was preached by Christ and His Apostles, freed from the misunderstandings and accretions of later days. A fresh study of the Bible and particularly of the New Testament was characteristic of all these movements from the Waldenses to the Family of Love; and the remarkable thing is that the codes of Christian ethics which these groups (widely separated in time and space) evolved should so nearly coincide with each other. A continuous chain of influence stretched from the Lollards of the fourteenth century to the Seeker groups who became the backbone of the Society of Friends, for when religious reformers came to England from the Continent at the time of the Reformation the Bishop of London declared, 'It is no pernicious novelty; it is only new arms being added to the great band of Wyclifite heretics!' All the following Lollard tenets were part of the ethical code of early Friends.

1. God rather than man must be obeyed.
2. 'The Gospel knoweth peace and not war.'
3. 'The Temple of God is not stones and wood,' but the company of faithful believers.
4. Every form of oath is unlawful to a Christian.
5. Christianity demands simple dress and plain speech.

6. 'Every man is a priest,' and therefore there is no need of a paid ministry.

7. Outward rites and sacraments are unnecessary; 'ceremonies of the world have brought the Church from God.'

8. Faith and works are inseparable; 'every man *doth* as much as he believeth.'

'God rather than man must be obeyed' is one formulation of the belief common to all these groups, that the ultimate authority in religion is neither an ecclesiastical authority, nor the Bible, but the Spirit of God Himself. Of the Seeker groups, scattered throughout England in the early part of the seventeenth century, but particularly strong in the hardy and independent North country, William Penn writes:

'They left all visible churches and societies, and wandered up and down as sheep without a shepherd, and as doves without their mates; seeking their beloved, but could not find Him. . . . As they came to the knowledge of one another, they sometimes met together, not formally to pray or preach at appointed times or places, in their own wills, as in times past they were accustomed to do; but waited together in silence, and as anything rose in any one of their minds that they thought savoured of a divine spring, so they sometimes spoke.'

But an ethical code and a vague sense of Divine guidance are not sufficient to make an enduring religion. It was to these hesitant and expectant groups that the message of young George Fox came like wildfire, kindling an assured faith that sent them forth boldly to preach and to endure violent persecution for nearly half a century.

George Fox, the son of a Leicestershire weaver, was a youth unusually sensitive to the evil of the world about him. He began with a boy's natural idea that youth will show a vast improvement on the foolish ways of its elders and betters; but the shock of finding his young contemporaries also failing to live up to their Christian ideals drove him from home and family to wander up and down the country in search of someone or something in which he could place his trust. He tells in his *Journal*, one of the classics of English religious experience, how

'when all my hopes . . . in all men was gone, so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, nor could tell what to do; then, O! then I heard a voice which said, "There is one, even

Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition ; " and when I heard it my heart did leap for joy.'

Thus was conceived one of the two fundamentals of the Quaker interpretation of Christianity ; the other is summed up in Fox's phrase, ' There is that of God in every man.' Taken together they imply that in every human being there is something capable of responding to and being changed for the better by the outgoing and attracting love of God. For to Fox and the early Friends, as to St John, Jesus Christ of Nazareth was one with the Logos, the eternal outgoing Love of God to mankind.

In an age saturated with the doctrines of Predestination, Election, and Reprobation in their crudest form, this dual message brought a new hope and life to thousands. To the satisfied elect it naturally appeared as blasphemy, and it was on this charge that in 1650 George Fox suffered a year's imprisonment in Derby Jail. It was while he was preaching to visitors in the courtyard that his jailer, a sort of minor Gestapo official, who had hitherto spied on him and sought for occasion to report him to the magistrates, caught the purport of his message and became a changed man on the instant. The letter he wrote to Fox a few years later will serve to show what it could mean to a soul rendered cruel by spiritual despair.

Dear Friend,

Having such a convenient messenger, I could do no less than give thee an account of my present condition, remembering, that to the first awakening of me to a sense of life and of the inward principle, God was pleased to make use of thee as an instrument ; so that sometimes I am taken with admiration that it should come by such a means as it did, that is to say, that Providence should order thee to be my prisoner, to give me my first real sight of the truth ; it makes me many times to think of the jailer's conversion by the apostles. O happy George Fox ! that first breathed that breath of life within the walls of my habitation ! Notwithstanding my outward losses are since that time such that I am become nothing in the world, yet I hope I shall find that all these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. They have taken all from me ; and now instead of keeping a prison, I am rather waiting when I shall become a prisoner myself. Pray for me that my faith fail not, but that I may hold out to the death that

I may receive a crown of life. I earnestly desire to hear from thee, and of thy condition, which would very much rejoice me. Not having else at present but my kind love unto thee, and all Christian friends with thee, in haste, I rest Thine, in Christ Jesus,

Thomas Sharman.

A remarkable thing about the early Quaker movement was its youth. The record is held by James Parnell and George Whitehead, each of whom became active missionaries at the age of 15, Parnell dying of ill-treatment in prison before he was twenty. In 1652 George Fox himself was no more than 28, and leaders of over thirty, such as James Nayler and Margaret Fell, were the exception. The religious enthusiasm of the young Society, gripped by the tremendous assumption of the direct inspiration of the Spirit of Christ, led to a certain amount of extravagant behaviour, particularly in the attempt to arouse the public conscience by a series of acted 'signs' in the manner of the early Hebrew prophets. This extravagance received a sudden check in 1656 when James Nayler, dazed and confused in spirit with overwork and weeks of imprisonment, allowed his followers to lead him into the city of Bristol on horseback, strewing branches in front of him and singing 'Holy, holy, holy' in imitation of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. His purpose seems only to have been to draw attention to the great truth that the Kingdom of God is a present as well as a future state; but it was naturally interpreted by the authorities as most horrid blasphemy, and after a trial by Parliament Nayler was savagely whipped, pilloried, branded on the forehead with B for Blasphemer, and had his tongue bored through with a hot iron by the public executioner. Even before this incident the powerful mind of George Fox had been feeling its way towards a solution of the problem of testing the truth of individual inspiration. He had written in 1655

'Take heed of forward minds, and of running out before your guide, for that leads out into looseness; and such plead for liberty, and run out in their wills, and bring dishonour to the Lord,'

and a little later

'All friends everywhere, dwell in the power of the Lord

God, and live in it ; for that brings all your souls into peace, into oneness, into God, from whence they come, who hath them all in His hand . . . And the seed, and life, and power and wisdom of Christ, know in you all, and one in another . . . that nothing may rule, but life itself . . . that ye may all be ordered to his glory.'

Here we have the principles on which the uniquely simple and efficient form of Church Government of the Society of Friends was based. The theory is that since the Spirit of Christ 'brings into oneness,' individual inspiration can be checked and balanced by the inspiration of the group ; and all that is needed to achieve insight and unity is faith and patience. The individual is a member of what is known as a 'particular' or local meeting ; Particular Meetings are grouped regionally into Monthly Meetings, so-called because they meet once a month for business affairs ; Monthly Meetings into Quarterly Meetings, corresponding roughly to one or two counties, and finally representatives from the whole Society in a country, or (in America) a State, meet together annually in a Yearly Meeting. Each of these meetings has a 'Clerk,' whose business is not to direct the Meeting, for that is done by the Spirit of Christ ; but to record the 'sense' of its deliberations and to call it to order if necessary, by suggesting a period of silent waiting in faith to know the will of God. It is astonishing how, in these Meetings, held in the religious faith that unity is possible, unity is in fact attained, and often much more quickly than could be guessed by anyone knowing the conflicting points of view with which the Meeting began.

To go back to the Quaker missionaries of 1652. In an age in which Milton's view of Woman is typical, 'He for God only, she for God in him,' George Fox preached complete spiritual equality between man and woman, inspired by the examples of his remarkable mother, his first woman convert, Elizabeth Hooton, and the distinguished woman who later became his wife, Margaret Fell of Swarthmoor. Many of the 'First Publishers of Truth' were women and girls. Through the kindness of her first husband, Judge Fell, who was always sympathetic to Friends, Margaret was able to make Swarthmoor Hall a centre for Quakerism in the North, where was displayed to the full the strong family spirit which has always been characteristic of the Society :

all the young missionaries wrote to her for help, sympathy and counsel, addressing her as 'dear Sister,' or 'dear and near and eternal mother.' A thoroughly practical woman, who had always been trusted with the management of her husband's affairs when he was on circuit, she was instrumental in developing the financial system by which the Society supplied the needs of poor Friends travelling in the ministry.

Margaret Fell was a gentlewoman, the wife of a distinguished judge; but the great majority of early Friends were independent farmers, tradesmen and craftsmen, prosperous in a small way, which made it possible for them to leave their business and 'travel in the ministry,' and often to support themselves while doing so in the manner of the Apostle Paul. This was a great strength to the Society, making for self-supporting honesty and independence; the principle of Quaker relief work, both for our own members and others, has always been 'help to self-help.' In the early minute-books of the Society we read over and over again of members assisted to earn their own living rather than to become 'objects of charity.' A typical example is that of Susan Tod of Great Missenden, a lace-maker, who, becoming convinced that her trade ministered to a luxury not in accordance with the simplicity of the Gospel, gave it up and was assisted by neighbouring Friends with a loan of £5 (about £25 in modern currency) to lay in a stock of material for weaving shoe and stay laces. She was able to repay her Meeting in two years' time. Often a Friend who had suffered grave monetary loss by distraint because he conscientiously objected to maintaining the Established Church by paying tithes, was offered assistance by his Meeting and put it gently by saying 'he accepted of their love but was not free to take the money.' Quakers had a horror of debt, constantly warned members against trading beyond their means with other people's money, and would disown the membership of a Friend who went bankrupt, on the grounds that he should have drawn in his horns and come to his fellow-members for assistance before things had gone so far.

It was natural that a society formed of practical and hard-working men and women should stress the inseparability of faith and works, and the necessity for

religion to be a matter of first-hand present experience influencing the believer at every point of his daily life. The inward eye was always to be turned towards the Heavenly Guide; Isaac Penington wrote 'watching to the Spirit the life of a Christian is a continual course of prayer; he *prays continually*.' Richard Alder, servant to a Quaker farmer, was arrested one Christmas Day while threshing corn in his master's barn, and asked by the magistrates, 'Why don't you go to Church and serve God?' His reply was, 'I hope I do serve God in all my employment'; and Friends constantly speak of keeping the mind stayed on God 'as I stood at my labour in my outward calling.'

Religion for the early Quaker was anything but an anodyne or a means of escape from reality. Any 'convinced' Friend knew that he was heading straight for persecution ranging from a thrashing by an angry father to whom he was unable to render the customary mark of respect by removing his hat, to banishment (for refusing the Oath of Allegiance), loss of his entire property, or imprisonment which might and often did terminate in death from jail-fever. In New England four Friends were hanged for preaching Quaker principles, one of them being a woman. They faced these things with a calm courage born of the certainty that all that came was permitted by a God who was full of enabling grace to carry them through.

'For this I can say,' was the verdict of William Dewsbury at the close of his life, 'I never played the coward, but joyfully entered prisons as palaces, telling mine enemies to hold me there as long as they could; and in the prison-house I sung praises to my God, and esteemed the bolts and locks put upon me as jewels, and in the Name of the eternal God I alway got the victory, for they could keep me no longer than the determined time of my God.'

It is no wonder that Quakers won respect from all save those in authority, and that persecution merely increased their numbers. Acceptance of the will of God never prevented them from forthright denunciation of the permitted evil if it came through the sin and stupidity of man. Social protest was inherent in the movement from the start; three years before 'the valiant sixty' went out from the North to preach, George Fox had pleaded for

better administration of justice by the magistrates, for a sense of social responsibility on the part of inn-keepers, for honesty in trading and for right principles of education not only in parents and teachers, but also in employers. Though in the earliest years Friends did not perceive the incompatibility of war with Christianity, and some of them remained in the armies of both King and Parliament till they became on other grounds unacceptable to their officers, realisation came within the first twenty years of the Society's growth; and as early as 1650 George Fox had formulated what is now known as the Quaker Peace Testimony in the words, 'I told them that I lived in the virtue of that life and power, that took away the occasion of all wars.' The difficulty of maintaining so close a touch with God is shown by the fact that thirty seconds later he was indignantly refusing the offer of a commission in the Parliamentary Army with the words, 'If that be your love and kindness, I trample it under my feet!' and throughout the century Friends allowed themselves an intemperance of speech and writing in controversy that was very far from 'taking away the occasion of all wars.' It was not till a hundred years later that the saintly John Woolman displayed to the world what a life of real reconciling power and grace could be.

Most people know the Quaker testimony against oaths; there is a good picture in a late-nineteenth-century 'Punch' depicting a schoolmaster asking a pupil, 'How do the Quakers differ from you and me?'—'Please, sir, they don't swear.' The principle of the single standard of truth, if not observed, is at least respected; in all legal procedure Friends are allowed to affirm. There were other Quaker customs, such as the plain dress, the refusal of titles and outward marks of respect, and the use of the singular 'thee' and 'thou' to all and sundry, which in this age rouse no more than a faint irritation and amusement. But the seventeenth century was a period overloaded with social distinctions sharply and cruelly expressed. 'Thee' and 'thou' were constantly used as an assertion of the speaker's superiority; a gentleman would run an equal through for an insufficiently elaborate salutation; the rich Puritan strutted in black broadcloth and the Cavalier in black velvet to impress the commoner with the fact that he could not afford a costly double-dyed material; one father, whose son addressed

him as 'thou' and failed to remove his hat, chained the lad up in the yard for the whole of a bitter winter's night. Friends maintained (and rightly) that so explosive an insistence on wealth, rank, and title was quite contrary to the spirit of the Gospel. The passing of time has removed the need for these testimonies, at least in their original form; but as Thomas Ellwood wrote at the end of his long life to Friends of the third generation:

'Though some, who have been called in the Lord's Vineyard at latter Hours, and since the Heat of that Day hath been much over; may be apt to account this Testimony a *small thing* to suffer *so much* upon, as some have done, not only to *Beating*, but to *Fines*, and *long and hard Imprisonments*; yet they who, in those Times, were *faithfully Exercised in and under it*, durst not despise the *Day of small things*; as knowing that he who should do so, would not be thought worthy to be concerned in *higher Testimonies*.'

A word must be said here as to the early Quaker method of public worship. It is often represented as being 'silent' or 'on a basis of silence.' Both statements are erroneous. The *basis* is the communal realisation of the presence and power of God, in order to draw spiritual nourishment from Him and learn His will, for which silence is the natural preliminary. Out of this silence there may arise in the heart and mind of any worshipper present some prayer or message which he feels should be shared with his fellow-worshippers, in the spirit in which Christ broke the bread at the Last Supper and passed it on.

The religious enthusiasm of the early years was such that when a Friend was inspired by such an impulse to preach or pray he was seized with a violent fit of trembling which he associated with 'the Lord's power.' In mockery of these often rather grotesque manifestations a persecuting magistrate dubbed the Society 'Quakers'; and with robust good humour Fox accepted the name, remarking that

'if but one man or woman were raised up by the Lord's power to stand and live in the same spirit that the prophets and apostles were in . . . that man or woman should shake the country in their profession for ten miles round.'

In passing, it is a real tribute both to the community spirit of Friends and the self-denying humility of Fox that

the Society has never been known as 'Foxites' or 'Foxonians.' 'Friends' is a shortened form of 'Friends in the Truth,' which gradually displaced the other name by which the early Quakers called themselves—'Children of the Light.'

The second generation of Friends produced two notable names. William Penn, the founder and first Governor of Pennsylvania, was a statesman with ideas far in advance of his time. He took the first steps towards the federation of the United States of America by corresponding with his fellow-Governors, writing a booklet on the subject in 1696, and promoting a conference of provincial Governors at New York in 1700. The present constitution of the United States in many ways reflects his mind, and by his dealings with the Red Indians in his colony he was a pioneer in the just and humane treatment of native races.

The other name is that of John Bellers, whose writings on social questions, which he himself knew to be in advance of his times, attracted the favourable attention of Karl Marx; with the curious result that he is forgotten by his fellow-countrymen and known to Russian schoolchildren of to-day as a pioneer in social reform.

With the growth of religious toleration at the end of the seventeenth century, and the cessation of persecution, the spirit of Quakerism became pastoral rather than missionary; the devotion which had gone to making converts in the seventeenth century turned to establishing them in the faith during the eighteenth; a process very necessary in a society whose intake in the beginning had been so rapid. The known honesty and integrity of Quaker tradesmen brought material wealth whose right use was a continual source of heart-searching on the part of its owners; and it is in this eighteenth century that Friends were pioneers in schemes of welfare for their employees; pioneers also in many other things, in craftsmanship, in industry, in care of the sick and insane. In America the sweet and powerful spirit of John Woolman persuaded his fellow-Quakers of the iniquity of slavery many years before it became a national issue.

Towards the end of the century that wave of enthusiasm which led to evangelism in religion and revolution in politics turned the Society once more towards the world at large. Friends threw themselves whole-heartedly into

such causes as the abolition of slavery, the relief of famine, penal reform, education for the masses, and attempts to abolish the social evil of drunkenness. The great name of this period is that of a woman, Elizabeth Fry, the wife of a Quaker banker and mother of nine children. She is universally known for her work among the women prisoners of Newgate, which resulted in her being consulted on penal reform all over Europe; but in addition her interests and activities included libraries for coastguards, solitary shepherds, and merchant ships; a scheme for the reclamation of prostitutes; the provision of hospital nurses; vaccination; soup-kitchens; the education of poor children; support for anti-slavery; and the reform of lunatic asylums. She has left it on record that her first waking thought was always 'how to serve my Saviour.'

At the beginning of the nineteenth century Friends were enabled to enter into public life through the removal in 1829 of the condition of taking an oath on entering public office, with which they had been unable to comply. They at once began to enter local government, and one of the most famous nineteenth-century statesmen was the Quaker John Bright, of whom Gladstone said that he raised political life 'to a higher elevation and a loftier standard.' The motive of his life he expressed as, 'I must be, else sinning greatly, a dedicated spirit.' He suffered much abuse and attack for his opposition to the Crimean war, and was burnt in effigy.

From the middle of the nineteenth century onwards the question of world peace has weighed with increasing urgency on the minds and hearts of the Society. Two declarations to the British Government issued in 1939 on conscription and national service respectively are as forthright as anything that was said by early Friends. The first reads:

'We know that war is contrary to the way of Christ. To turn this country into a vast war machine is to turn our national life away from Christ. We cannot offer to be trained for this purpose.'

The second:

'The compulsion of men to learn how to destroy their fellow-men is an assumption by the State of an authority over human personality that is an outrage upon God and man.'

Friends, however, are not merely anti-war ; they have sought by personal service and dedication to repair its ravages and spread the spirit of reconciliation ; and in 1947 the value of their relief work was recognised by the award of the Nobel Prize. The latest of their efforts in this direction was the Quaker Mission to Russia in the summer of 1951. They sought also, between the two world wars, to mitigate the evils of unemployment by constructive schemes for the unemployed, particularly in South Wales.

Friends have deep spiritual convictions but no formal creed ; for they believe that the Holy Spirit teaches each generation according to the needs of that generation, and that more light and truth are always available to those who wait upon God in faith and love. The purpose of the World Conference has been for them unitedly to seek the will of God in the present world-situation, and to re-dedicate themselves to His service in the spirit which sent forth the young men and women of 1652 to preach once again ' the everlasting Gospel.'

BEATRICE SAXON SNELL.

Art. 4.—ARRIBA ESPAÑA.

Arriba España ('Up Spain') has been the motto of Spain ever since the beginning of the Spanish Civil War, when the Red Republicans proved that the inspiration of their revolution was communist by adopting the mottoes 'Viva Russia' and 'Viva Lenin' and by the wholesale massacre of Christians.

Readers of the 'Quarterly Review,' almost alone in the non-Catholic press of England in supporting the truth about Spain, have throughout the years since the civil war been able to appreciate the gradual resurgence of Spain, illustrated by her motto, from the morass of disorder, corruption, bankruptcy, and persecution, caused by the republic and its Soviet sponsors, and by the bloody civil war they brought about in 1936-9. By 1939 all Spain's gold reserves and much of her foreign bank reserves were gone to Russia and France or into the pockets and foreign banking accounts of the refugee republican politicians; one-third of the country had ceased to be productive under the republican terror and communications were in a disastrous condition. In addition to this, Russian world-popularity and propaganda, socialist antipathy to Spain owing to her defeat of Marxism, and able left-wing lying propaganda caused the abuse and boycott of Spain by the British, French, and U.S.A. governments and press, so that she was given none of the assistance that was generously and promiscuously poured out, not only to friends and ex-enemies, but also, either indirectly through U.N.R.R.A. or directly through other organisations, into the rapacious maw of Russia herself.

Yet, in spite of all these things, Spain has proudly and without complaint stood on her own feet (an example some other nations would have done well to follow) and is to-day, after thirteen years' hardship and constant persecution by the U.N. and socialist politicians, arising like the phoenix from the purifying fires of unjust persecution; she has also abandoned the Anglo-French parliamentary system, which had proved itself to be impracticable in Spain and under which she had suffered for 150 years, and she has become an example of a new and truly democratic political system, one of the most free and cheapest

countries of Europe, and a leader of culture, art, and many of the sciences throughout the world.

It is to be regretted that the first hand from among the big powers extended to Spain was that of the U.S.A., and that the hand of Spain's old friend, England, is still held behind her back, but it is inevitable that that hand must soon be extended in spite of the continued hostility to Spain of Bloomsbury, Fabians, and the 'Daily Herald.' There is no instinctive hostility to Spaniards on the part of the majority of the British public, but, on the contrary, there is usually a similarity of character, with sympathy and friendliness, between English and Spaniard when they meet; the hostility of the British Government has been caused by the power of socialist doctrinaires, whose roots are inevitably Marxist and consequently anti-Spanish and anti-Christian and who refuse to recognise the majority rule of democracy when it goes against them.

Though the hostility of the governments of England and France and of the moribund U.N. have prevented and still prevent the invitation to Spain to join Western defence and the Atlantic treaty, the U.S.A. have during the past year made an ever-increasing rapprochement with Spain, as will be described later; this has been achieved by bilateral negotiations and agreements for credits, arms, and air bases. It can confidently be expected that the realities of the situation and the obvious necessity for Western defence of the co-operation of the Iberian Peninsula will oblige England and France to consent grudgingly to measures to which in their own interests an enthusiastic support should have been forthcoming long before.

This resurgence of Spain, which is here described, can be illustrated by an outline of her history and activities, both international and internal, during the past year and up to the month of June, when this article was written.

The changes in General Franco's government in July 1951, of which a description is given later, synchronised with the visit of Admiral Sherman, U.S. Chief of Naval Operations, and with statements by Mr Acheson, the U.S. Secretary of State, to the effect that the U.S.A. had initiated conversations with Spain regarding her possible contribution to Western defence and that, owing to hostility to Spain on the part of Britain and France, the

arrangements made would be bilateral between Spain and the U.S.A.

In August 1951 U.S. military and economic missions went to Spain to discuss agreements, and in the same month an interview with General Franco was published in 'News Week' in which he stated that the British and French hostility was caused by the socialists and by the fact that Spain had routed their friends.

In November General Franco was interviewed by the 'Sunday Times' and, on being asked if he would look favourably on an invitation to Spain to join the United Nations, said that, after their unjust and unceasing hostility, they would have to reform themselves considerably before Spain could take such a thing into consideration. On being asked about the N.A.T.O. he said that Spain had not refused to join but had been excluded; that, owing to the blindness of some of its members, it had been born lame and would remain lame all its life. He also said that if only England would recognise, as Spain had done for fifteen years, that Communism was the great menace to peace and progress, understanding between the two countries would be far greater.

In December 1951 the bilateral negotiations were stimulated by the visit to Madrid of a committee of the U.S. Congress, to which General Franco declared that Spain was prepared to co-operate with the U.S.A. in the defence of the free world against Communism. In the same month Mr Sydney Sufrin and Mr Paul Porter visited Spain for the Mutual Security Agency and on their return to Washington reported very favourably on the economic condition of Spain and recommended strongly that she should receive M.S.A. assistance.

It has gradually become evident that the hostility shown to Spain by the United Nations, the governments of Great Britain and France, and political socialists in some other countries does not now reflect the true opinion of the rest of the world or even of their own countries. In a speech in January 1952 in which he reviewed Spain's situation, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs stated that there were at that moment 24 Ambassadors, 18 Plenipotentiary Ministers, and 2 Chargés d'Affaires of foreign nations in Madrid, in contrast to the 3 Ambassadors and 4 Ministers existing after the infamous interdict of the

United Nations in 1946. Other events of importance cited by him were the visit of the President of the Philippines and the separate visits to Madrid of the Foreign Ministers of Portugal, Paraguay, Peru, Colombia, and Venezuela, and the signing of twelve treaties of friendship and commerce with various countries.

The progress in U.S./Spanish relations in the economic sphere is referred to in another paragraph, but in February 1952 these relations received a temporary set-back from no less important a source than the President himself, who made a statement published in the press to the effect that he had no sympathy for Spain or the Spanish régime. This surprising discourtesy at the moment when the State Department was negotiating a pact with Spain was aggravated in Spanish eyes by the declarations of Mr Stanton Griffis, the recently returned U.S. Ambassador to Spain, to whom he had shown himself to be a true friend. On coming out from his audience with the President, Mr Griffis saw the representatives of the press and was quoted in 'A.B.C.'* as saying that 'though the President had no liking for Spain yet he recognised the necessity of carrying out the projects of air and naval bases in Spain, that he acted in the hope that constant contact with North American ideals and men would contribute to the development in Spain of the liberties beloved of our country and that his attitude was doubtless caused by the intolerable delay on the part of the Spanish government in carrying out its promises of establishing religious freedom in Spain.'

For the President of the U.S.A. to repeat the well-known left-wing propaganda myth about the treatment of Protestants in Spain, which has so often raised its head and as often been destroyed by an examination of the facts, caused considerable criticism in the Spanish press, especially as no presidential lament had been heard against the real and acute persecution of thousands of Christians in Russia, her satellite countries and Yugoslavia. The President's words and Mr Griffis' commentary brought a stiff note from the Spanish Embassy in Washington to the U.S. government. The note expressed regret at the President's words, rejected his interference in Spanish internal affairs, and pointed out that the religious policy

* Translation, February 14.

of the Spanish government is to maintain Catholic Unity in Spain and to exercise complete tolerance of all private religious observance for other beliefs ; it cited the laws which express this policy and the national plebiscite and concordat which had confirmed them ; it pointed out that the 20,000 Protestants (this is a generous estimate) in Spain, of which 10,000 are foreigners, are less than three-quarters of one per thousand of the inhabitants, but that nevertheless they have 200 places of worship open and a proportionate number of pastors, a number considerably greater than that of the Catholics in proportion to their numbers.

As in this country, there is a dual attitude to Spain in the U.S.A. On the one hand, Congress has shown itself favourable to Spain in the desire to assist her in the same way that she is assisting other European nations, and E.C.A. granted Spain a loan of \$62 millions in 1950, while the Mutual Security Act of 1951 approved a loan of \$100 millions for economic, technical, and military assistance ; on the other hand, neither the State Department nor the White House appear friendly, though ready to lease air bases, co-operate in defence, and grant credits.

On February 20, during the Ninth Session of the North Atlantic Council in Lisbon, Dr Cunha, the Portuguese Foreign Minister, appealed for the inclusion of Spain in the N.A.T.O. He said : ' It is regrettable that it has not yet been found possible, for reasons no doubt beyond the goal of this Organisation, to complete the circle and put an end to the strategic nonsense of the absence of Spain in a system of Western defence.'

British opinion, even conservative opinion, is still blinded by the hangover of the insidious left-wing or communist 'anti-fascist' nonsense of the 1930's and 40's. The intimate relations and similarity of outlook of Spain and Portugal from their pact in 1939 until the Franco-Salazar meeting of April 1952, and the bilateral agreements between Spain and the U.S.A., point to an Iberian-U.S.A. pact outside of N.A.T.O. ; it is no longer a case of Spain being 'admitted.'

In March a fresh economic and military mission arrived in Spain from the U.S.A. and Mr Acheson announced in Washington that it was entrusted with full powers to negotiate the basis of a bilateral agreement.

A special mission under Don Alfredo Martín Artajo, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, left in April to visit all the Arab countries in succession; on its departure, General Franco broadcast a message of friendship to the Arab countries, regretting his inability to lead the mission himself; the personnel of the mission included a Moorish General and a Moorish Colonel of the Spanish Army. It is seldom realised how much closer to the Arab world Spain is than other Europeans and how much more friendly and understanding towards Spain are the Arabs. This is due to the deep historical and cultural influence of the Moors in Spain and in Southern Spain to consanguinity. The result is that most Arab races, notwithstanding the intense Catholicism of Spain and their own intense devotion to Islam, look on Spaniards with far less hostility than they do on Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans, and the intense anti-Communism of both Spain and Islam is an additional bond.

The Spanish mission seems to have been received everywhere with great ceremony and enthusiasm. It started with a visit to the Lebanon and continued with a visit to the Holy Places of Jerusalem, but without a visit to Israel, which has not received recognition from Spain. After a visit to Amman and Jordan, Damascus was the next stop, where a Treaty of Spanish-Syrian friendship was signed, and the mission then proceeded to Iraq and Baghdad, continuing to Riad, the capital of King Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia. The final visit was to Egypt, where Señor Martín Artajo had conversations with King Farouk, Prime Minister Hilali Pasha, and the Secretary of the Arab League, and signed a Spanish-Egyptian cultural treaty.

That the courtesy calls are not all on one side was promptly illustrated by the visit to Madrid in May of Prince Abdul Ilah, the Regent of Iraq; it was as recently as 1949 that King Abdullah of Jordan was also a guest of General Franco. So friendly are Spanish-Arab relations that it is well within the bounds of probability that the outcome will be an Iberian-Arab Mediterranean pact.

The many injustices committed against Spain, at the instigation of the Soviet bloc, by U.N. have done much to discredit that Organisation and to diminish its utility for peace. Again and again it has allowed itself to be used as the instrument of communist persecution of Spain,

wasting its very expensive (for taxpayers) time in vindictive debates on Spain instead of the objects for which it was ostensibly constituted.

An outstanding example of this behaviour and of the still existing Soviet power over the officials and machinery of the United Nations was witnessed in the January meeting of the Third Committee, which debated seriously for seven hours, at the request of Poland, the subject of twenty-four Spanish prisoners condemned to death, who did not in reality exist, as it would have been easy for the delegates to find out if they had desired to do so. The debate gave its intended opportunity for the usual avalanche of Soviet outcry and propaganda.

The basis for the interest of the Soviet bloc in Spanish prisoners was that, at the time of the Communist-inspired strikes in Barcelona in April 1951, 41 arrests were made of which, at the time of the debate, 14 had been set free, 27 were in prison, and, according to official Spanish sources, there had been no death sentences nor were there likely to be any. The interest shown by the United Nations in 27 prisoners in Spain and none in the millions behind the iron curtain was a demonstration of hypocrisy.

That thorny problem in Anglo-Spanish relations and friendship and in Spanish participation in European defence, the British possession of Gibraltar, of which a short historical account was given in the 'Quarterly' of October 1951, has received further attention in England and Spain. In November 1951, in an interview with a 'Sunday Times' correspondent, General Franco, after asking what Englishmen would say if Portsmouth were in foreign possession and pointing out that under modern conditions Gibraltar was untenable without its hinterland, made the notable suggestion that its sovereignty should be returned to Spain and that it should be leased to England.

This statesmanlike and friendly approach to a problem that is increasingly a thorn in the heart of Spanish patriotism may open the door to negotiation and to some friendly and permanent arrangement, which will recognise and secure to England and the Commonwealth their vital necessity of a fortress at the gateway of the Mediterranean guarding the route to the Near and Far East.

The vulnerability of Gibraltar without a friendly or neutral Spain has not been adequately appreciated, but it

is nothing new. In 1902 Admiral Beatty, then a Captain, wrote of it as 'practically at the mercy of a few good guns of the Spaniard at Algeciras.'*

An article in 'The Times,' which indicated that the Spanish desire for the return of Gibraltar was merely a Falangist demand, showed a deep misunderstanding of Spanish feeling. The reality is that the desire for the recovery of Gibraltar is passionately planted in the hearts of all Spaniards, not only of this generation but of all preceding generations since 1704.

In January 1952 the Spanish Ambassador in London, the Duque de Primo de Rivera, said to the correspondent of the United Press in Madrid that the English did not stop to think that the possession of Gibraltar wounded Spain deeply and violated the universal concept of sovereignty and mutual respect due as between free peoples, a sacred principle which England had defended on many occasions. This Spanish view is quite understandable, but so also is that of the British Empire, and the Duke's remark can be countered by saying that the Spanish do not stop to think that the Straits of Gibraltar affect England deeply as controlling the artery of her communications with the East.

In April the Spanish Government presented a note to all the powers forming the Committee of Control of Tangier set up under the Statute of Tangier in 1923, that is to say, Belgium, England, France, Holland, Italy, Portugal (who never took her seat), and the United States. The note was the result of the ever-increasing disorder in the administration of Tangier which had culminated in the serious disturbances on March 30, 1952.

International competition in Africa at the beginning of the century had resulted in the internationalisation of Tangier under the Statute, which had never worked well and was especially troublesome to Spain, because Tangier formed an enclave in the Spanish Protectorate of Morocco and because the bulk of the European population was Spanish, but Spain and all the signatories loyally observed the Statute. When the Second World War started, the Committee of Control could no longer function as it consisted of Consuls, whose countries were all at war except

* 'Life and Letters of David, Earl Beatty,' by Rear-Admiral Chalmers, p. 87.

Spain, who thereupon took over under the flag and technical authority of the Khalifa and thus secured the neutrality of Tangier, to the great advantage of the Allies ; in fact, this neutrality of Tangier was one of the many benefits given us by Spain during the war.

In 1945, at the moment of Spain's boycott by the United Nations and at the apex of Russia's popularity, a provisional régime was set up by a Conference in Paris under which the U.S.S.R. was admitted to the control and Spain obliged to withdraw all military, naval, and police forces. Though the whole legal basis of the Tangier zone consisted in international treaties to which Spain was a signatory, she was not invited to the Paris Conference, but, after protesting diplomatically, she accepted quietly and with dignity this international slight and injustice. The provisional régime, though specifically set up for only six months, has continued, with the result already described and the making of Tangier into a most important centre of Communist intrigue, financial speculation, and contraband. Spain's note demands the return to government under the 1923 and 1928 international agreements, and one can only be surprised at her self-restraint in not requesting that Spain should integrate Tangier into the Spanish Protectorate of Morocco.

The stability of General Franco's government has been characterised by the few changes he has made in his Ministers throughout his thirteen years' period of power since the end of the Civil War. The first major changes took place in July 1951, when all but four of the existing members of the Cabinet were replaced by new Ministers. The four unchanged Ministers were Don Alberto Martín Artajo, Foreign Affairs ; Don José Girón, Labour ; Don Blas Pérez, Interior ; General Eduardo Gallarza, Air. The following were the principal new Ministers : War, General Muñoz Grandes, who commanded the Blue Division which fought against Russia in the Second World War ; Navy, Admiral Salvador Moreno, C.-in-C. of the Nationalist Navy during the Civil War ; Justice, Don Antonio Iturmendi ; Finance, Don Francisco Gómez ; Industry, Don Joaquín Planell ; Commerce, Don Manuel Aburua ; Agriculture, Don Rafael Cavestany ; Education, Don Joaquín Ruiz Jiménez ; Public Works, Count Vallélano ; Information and Tourism, Don Gabriel Arias ;

Minister Secretary of Falange, Don Raimundo Fernández Cuesta.

This extensive alteration in General Franco's Cabinet was considered abroad to indicate a gesture towards a greater liberalisation of the Spanish régime, in order to meet the ever-increasing rapprochement with the U.S.A. in the matters of credits, rearmament, and air-bases. This is probably true in part and there are also signs of a return to a greater reliance on private enterprise in the country's economic policy and a greater freedom of the press, but any over-all change in policies was denied and is exceedingly unlikely. A leading article in 'A.B.C.' expressed this by saying, 'The men have been changed, the team has been changed, but in general there have been no essential changes and a continuity in the political line already followed.'

A study of the names and figures of the outgoing and incoming Ministers, however, indicates a further turning away from the left (Falange and Socialism) towards the right (Monarchy and the Church).

The Minister of Information's press interview after the first meeting of the new Cabinet gave no information regarding foreign affairs, but gave a short review of the Government's intentions regarding stabilisation of prices, increase in production, decrease of imports, the development of mining, agriculture and irrigation, and economy in public expenditure; he also stated that it was agreed to push forward the arming and modernisation of army, navy, and air force 'according to the measure feasible with foreign help.'

In November 1951 there took place municipal elections of half of all the municipal councillors throughout Spain. The electoral system, set up by the fundamental laws of the New Spain, works smoothly and is little known or understood abroad. As can be seen from its description, it has escaped from the curse of party politics, which everywhere else is stultifying parliamentary and local government, and it is based on functional and vertical representation instead of horizontal and regional. It is true, though it will come as a surprise to many readers, that the electoral and parliamentary system of Spain is in many ways more democratic, in the best sense of that mis-used word, than that of England, where the individual

voter and the individual elected have become the slaves of their party caucus.

Municipal elections have a great importance within the Spanish régime because, out of a total number of 477 members of the Cortes (Parliament), 150 are elected by the municipalities. The municipal electoral system, under which one-half of the councillors were elected in November 1951, appears complicated but is in reality simple. Of the councillors in each municipality, one-third is elected by direct vote of all the householders or heads of family, one-third is elected by the Syndicates, and the remaining one-third is elected by the previous two-thirds from the members of professional, cultural, and economic classes.

The Syndicates are not only the equivalent of the trade unions of this country but they also represent the whole organisation of each industry from top to bottom and their municipal and parliamentary candidates and representatives are equally divided between employers, technicians, and manual workers. A measurement of the true democracy of the Spanish régime is the fact that the members of the Syndicates have 159 members allotted to them in the present Cortes of 477 members, in addition to their proportion of the 150 representatives of local government, whose election has just been described.

In April 1952 the election of these 159 members (*procuradores*) of parliament (Cortes) to represent the Syndicates took place. For each Syndicate three members were elected, one each for the employers, technicians, and manual workers.

It may well be that the Spanish, and also the Portuguese, systems are pointing the world to the way out of the palpable impasse into which the egalitarian fallacy, started by the French Revolution and its instigators, has brought parliamentary government. These systems are based to a very great extent on the recognition of the divine and natural laws and are built on functional or corporative parliamentary representation instead of regional universal suffrage. The Spanish system is monarchical, and the Portuguese republican, but both are parliamentary and both aim at government through the expressed will and the true interests of their peoples to a greater extent than has resulted from systems of regional universal suffrage.

During the year there appears to have been no further

move in the matter of the monarchy, but in November 1951 General Franco restated the position in an interview with the 'Sunday Times' correspondent. He said that the matter had small interest for foreigners; that the nation as a result of a referendum decided it would be a kingdom and as such ruled by a Prince or Regent in accord with the law of succession, which lays down that he must be a male of royal blood, over thirty years of age, Spanish and Catholic, and that he must swear to observe the fundamental laws of the régime.

It is not only in the realm of international affairs that the Spanish phoenix has revealed her vitality. Amid the clatter, chatter, and clash of rival theories, class warfare, and the mumbo-jumbo of the intelligentsia, the truly remarkable contrast between the achievement of Spain in the face of her economic ruin in 1939 and that of most other nations in the face of their economic ruin since 1945 has escaped general notice. Some particulars of the economic situation and American assistance during the last year are given here.

In December 1951, in presenting his Budget for 1952-3, the Minister of Finance estimated a small deficit, meaning that the country's finance was almost in equilibrium, while his colleagues of Commerce and Agriculture envisaged the increase of production and the restriction of imports as the only sane ways of reducing internal prices; they stated categorically that wage rises must follow and not precede increased production, in order to avoid further inflation. In April 1952 the newspaper 'A.B.C.' reviewed the economic position, showing how the progressive hydraulic schemes and increase of agricultural land, assisted by a year of plentiful rain after five years of drought, had improved the food supplies; it stated that prices had constantly risen since 1940 but had begun to fall from February 1952; it stated that after many years of adverse trade balances an equilibrium had been reached in 1950, and in 1951 a favourable balance of 173 millions gold pesetas was realised.

In addition to the 1951 credit of \$62 millions granted by the U.S.A., in April 1952 there was announced the granting of a credit of \$100 millions under the Mutual Security Act for the purchase of raw materials, machinery, and fertilisers.

Articles in the press expressed the hopes of a renewal

of interest in Spain as a field of investment for foreign private capital, which the internal political stability and the changed U.S.A. attitude to Spain encourage. Unfortunately, the still undecided fate of the Barcelona Traction Company must continue to be a deterrent factor in this direction.

Further moves have taken place in this extraordinary affair of the declaration of bankruptcy in 1948 of the fully solvent subsidiaries of this powerful Canadian company, the subsequent confiscation of their enormous assets and the expulsion of their British staff. In communications in the press in this country it has been stated that the book value of these assets is 19½l. millions and the actual replacement value 55l. millions, while the result of this British investment and enterprise has been to bring hydro-electric power and irrigation to almost one-third of Spain.

Mr Juan March is the leader of the attack on Barcelona Traction and, according to pamphlets published by the Company, in July 1951 he obtained the issue of bogus share certificates of the subsidiary companies to replace the true certificates held in Toronto, and in January 1952 he obtained authorisation from a Spanish Court in an obscure town called Reus to sell the bogus shares. In January the Supreme Court dismissed the judge who had given the authorisation, but nevertheless in February the Barcelona Court of Appeal rejected the appeal of Barcelona Traction against the sale, under which the expropriators sell to themselves or to a new cover company the bogus share certificates.

Ever since the first steps in this conspiracy were taken in 1946 there had been a mysterious silence on the part of our government and no outcry in the British press about this treatment of a British company, but in January 1951 there was considerable publicity in London; some timorous papers gave a false picture of the scandal as merely a struggle between two powerful financial groups, but it was well put in 'The Times' of January 8, 1952, which said, 'It is of the first importance that an injustice of this kind should not be condoned in any way and that a great public utility enterprise should not receive such outrageous treatment in a foreign country through an unlooked for, and by ordinary international standards intolerable, combination of law, legal procedure and government administration.'

The position of the Spanish Government has been, as expressed personally by General Franco and his then Minister of Industry in 1949 to the writer, that the Spanish Executive cannot and must not interfere with the Judiciary, which is a sound argument, as we know in South Africa, but not a final one in this case. Apart from the purely judicial aspect of the bankruptcy proceedings, the Spanish Government have accused the Company of various unspecified irregularities and of suppressing information required by the Spanish Government, which the Company refutes and offers full investigation of all records; it confesses to one breach of Spanish currency regulations, that of providing the British Treasury, at their urgent request, with pesetas required by them in Spain during the war.

The position of the British Government has been equivocal and difficult to understand. Not only do they appear not to have raised voice or finger in defence of legitimate British interests and the sanctity of contracts and international obligations, but in June 1951 the British Ambassador to Madrid signed a statement in conjunction with the Spanish Government accepting the Spanish accusations against the Company without any consultation of the Company or any opportunity to answer and defend itself.

It is to be hoped that it will not now be long before some just and satisfactory solution will be found either by the Spanish Courts or by the Spanish Executive to remove what is a serious handicap to our international friendship and the security of foreign capital in Spain.

In this present world of political and economic crises under the menace of the cold or hot warfares waged by Russia and Communism throughout the world, a general article on Spain cannot devote the necessary space or give adequate weight to the two directions in which Spain is becoming increasingly prominent, the field of culture and the field of religion, and there is only space here to pay a passing tribute to the Spanish contribution to civilisation in these directions and to call attention to the prominent part played by Spain in various cultural and artistic conferences abroad.

The remarkable renaissance of interest in many countries in Spanish art, language, poetry, drama, dancing, and the Spanish mystics is one illustration of this, and others can be found in this country in the lectures and

conferences at some of our universities and the Instituto de España in London, and in the notable monthly publication in English of the Spanish Cultural Index covering Spanish cultural activities for each month at home and abroad. Of all the faculties in Spanish universities, theology and philosophy come first, a further evidence of Spanish devotion to the Cross to add to her military and intellectual victory over the Hammer and Sickle.

From May 25 to June 1, 1952, there took place in Barcelona the Thirty-fifth International Eucharistic Congress. There were present 9 Cardinals, among them Cardinal Griffin, 300 Bishops from all over the world, the Head of the Spanish State and his government, diplomats of many nations, and an immense crowd of the faithful, many of them pilgrims from every country in the world. The Eucharistic Congresses take place in a different country every two years and are demonstrations of the unity of the universal Catholic Church and of her devotion to the Holy Eucharist.

One of the great ceremonies in Barcelona was the ordination of 819 priests in the great stadium of Montjuich, and at another in the Plaza Pio XII over a million people were said to have been present. At the closing ceremony Cardinal Tedeschini, the Papal Legate, made a congratulatory speech on the success of the Congress. He was followed by General Franco, who proclaimed in his speech 'the Catholic, Roman and Apostolic faith of the Spanish nation, whose history is inseparably united to the history of the Catholic Church. Her glories are our glories and her enemies our enemies.' The ceremony finished with a broadcast address in Spanish by His Holiness the Pope recognising the glorious Catholicism of Spain and dwelling on the hopes of peace for the world.

To mark the celebration of the Congress and as a sign of the Christian mercy of the State, pardon and amnesty were granted to 10,000 prisoners. The Minister of Justice, on announcing the amnesty, stated that the total penal population was at that time 29,000, including the number of the pardoned, a small number in proportion to the total population of Spain.

ARTHUR F. LOVEDAY.

NOTE.—This article was written in June and no events after that date are recorded.

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Art. 5.—BRITISH OWLS OR MARAUDERS OF THE NIGHT.

CONVENTIONALLY, wild animals are divided into two categories: those considered harmful to human interests, and the remainder which, if not actively helpful, can be classified as at least innocuous. Indeed, service rendered is seldom taken very seriously, the effects being indirect and therefore not apparent. Actually a clear line of demarcation between the helpful and the harmful cannot always be drawn, the habits of any wild creature depending so largely upon circumstances such as environment, opportunity, and even individual disposition.

Among rapacious birds, individuals of the same species differ considerably in choice of fare. Habitually, they may prey upon fur, feather, or even fin. Experience proves, however, that most of them are liable to accept the gifts the gods provide, whether legitimate game or not. This is particularly the case when the forbidden game happens to be easy, and there are few birds which—if at all carnivorously disposed—can refrain from demolishing the young of a weaker species. Raids upon nests are frequent, and to the all-too-common tale of tragedy there is often attached a riddle.

In my own garden during recent years disaster has overtaken the broods of grey wagtail, long-tailed tit, hedge-sparrow, and chaffinch, all lodged in nests apparently unassailable, yet despoiled under circumstances which exonerated the usual culprits. There was also the slaughter of young buzzards—exempt, one would have thought, from attack by most natural enemies. But most remarkable of all, perhaps, was the latest chapter in the history of a permanent wren's nest. This nest was first built twenty years ago in the old wooden framework of a doorway giving access to an even older outhouse—my woodshed to be precise—and it has since been more or less perennially occupied by successive generations of wrens, until the great frost of 1947 brought the tenancy to a tragic end. For the ensuing three years the nest remained a pathetic, crumbling relic of good old times. Then, in the spring of 1950, two fresh claimants appeared. The old nest took new shape; old conditions were restored. Eggs were laid, the brood was hatched, and then the blow fell.

Entering the wood-shed by chance one morning, my wife found three semi-fledged nestlings dead in the doorway. The body of another protruded from the nest, the remainder had gone, and there was no sign of the parents. Rats were first suspected, but the difficulty of access seemed to acquit even those experts at burglarious entry and midnight murder. Neither stoat nor cat could have reached the place; nothing provided perching room for a large bird.

Considerably puzzled, I climbed to an open loft above the wood-shed where pea-sticks were stored. These required sorting, at which I had been busy for a while before becoming aware of something unusual in my surroundings. All seemed unnaturally quiet, and suddenly I thought of the swallows whose nests could be seen on the rafters. What had become of them? There was no excited twittering, none of the frenzied protest which usually greeted any invasion of their domain, no flashing of bright bodies in and out through sunlight and shadow. Pre-occupied with the wren problem, I had not at first missed them. Now their absence became as notable as their customary clamour, and while I looked around for some explanation a white object, until then ignored upon a floor where white splashes predominated, assumed sudden significance. It was a large feather, soft and remarkably downy, and much that had been inexplicable became only too clear. I forgot the pea-sticks and hurried to another loft where swallows also bred and constituted something of a problem, owing to big glass windows against which they fluttered when disturbed. Upon this occasion, however, my entry caused no panic. It might have been a January instead of a May morning, so still and voiceless was the place. High on the beams the nests looked like winter shells—derelict, forsaken. The slaughter of the innocents had been general indeed, and little doubt remained concerning the Herod's identity. No question of furred night prowlers could be considered any longer, and even assuming that the raids had taken place in early morning, none of the ordinary robber birds, sparrowhawk, crow, or magpie, had ever ventured inside the buildings. Suspicion centred upon one not usually charged with such offences. I still fingered the white feather, and thought of a ghostly shape frequently seen at dusk cruising over the

garden ; of nocturnal miaulings heard in a great oak not fifty yards away.

We had always welcomed that beautiful barn owl and taken endless pains to preserve his young, reared annually in a neighbouring ruin. That Jekyll would develop into a Hyde was a possibility never anticipated. As the chain of evidence slowly forged itself, however, I also remembered a friend who had kept owls and told gruesome stories of their efficiency when dealing with hapless sparrows sacrificed to their carnivorous appetite. After all, what deadlier enemy to garden birds could the imagination devise than a barn owl which forsook his natural game and became nest-robber ? He would know all about old buildings and the mice which they harboured in winter, and if by evil chance he discovered the summer potentialities of lofts and gardens, an easy source of supply for his voracious brood would be open to him. Nests on high rafters or in crevices secure from rat or cat would be conveniently placed for an owl, whose very considerable requirements also accounted for the extent of the devastation in one night.

The evidence was circumstantial but seemed conclusive enough, and fears for other favourites were entertained. We thought of our spotted flycatcher, who had just laid her first egg, and above all the tame and eminently confiding chaffinch whose young had become visible above the rim of a much-too-conspicuous nest in an old plum tree against the garden wall. And the apprehensions, alas, proved well founded. Three nights elapsed after the loft tragedies. Then, on the third morning, my wife brought in the news that chaffinch, young and *nest* had disappeared. No trace remained or could be found, until the nest, still intact, came to light some days later under the oak-tree—significant enough. No cat had access to that walled garden. No rat—and what indeed but a large bird ?—could have carried away the nest. Even so, the case was unusual, ruin but not removal being the rule. I once saw a cat carrying robin and nest, having presumably secured both in the same grip. That the long claws of the owl had done likewise seemed to be a safe assumption, and I still retain painful recollections of a thumb clutched in those grim talons when incautiously handling an injured bird.

One feature of these raids was the robber's obvious preference for nestlings rather than eggs. In previous

cases, when magpie or rat had been suspected, eggs were taken more frequently, and the brooding bird always escaped. It had sufficient warning, or light, in which to get away. During this 'series,' however, when the terror struck by night and the assailant dropped silently from above, the mother covering her young stood little chance, and there was every reason for fearing that wren, chaffinch, and one or two swallows had gone the way of their respective broods.

After a tragedy, birds which survive the destruction of their nests usually forsake the place, at least for a while. Some days passed before any swallows were again seen about the buildings. At last, however, one pair—and one pair only—reappeared. These eventually nested again, and in the meanwhile the flycatchers had hatched their brood and a pair of house-martins built their nest under the eaves at the very entrance to the wood-loft. The stage indeed was set for another raid. Even the short mid-summer nights were moonlit, and it seemed to be a question of when rather than if the robber returned. I was not thinking of owls at all, however, when passing below the loft entrance one still night, although tawnies could be heard not far away. Actually my ears were strained to catch the distant note of a nightjar when there was a sudden commotion in the building above my head. A shadow passed across the moon, and I looked up in time to see a phantom-like shape winging away swiftly but silently into the night. There could be little doubt that I had seen our wild-life controller. It also transpired that the intervention had been timely, for morning found the young flycatchers at any rate still in their nest, from which they flew during the day.

I shall probably be censured for presenting the in-offensive and eminently useful barn owl, 'the farmer's friend,' the benign old gentleman of nursery rhyme, in a new and sinister light. Let me hasten to remark, however, that the sinister side of its character in no way detracts from either the interest or value of a wild species. Upon the contrary, reality is always more interesting, even when it shatters illusions, for nobody—unless very foolish—prefers to retain mistaken impressions. In truth there is no carnivorous animal that does not appear in the light of a monstrous ogre to somebody. Actually, the benevolent,

wise old owl of convention is very much of a myth, and even in rhyme the other side of his character has sometimes been portrayed as, for example, the 'two wicked owls' who supped at 'The Butterfly's Ball.' In reality an owl is a fierce and formidable bird, mainly harmless to other species because of its nocturnal habits. In its carnivorous voracity, indeed, lies the secret of its sovereign usefulness to man. Being nocturnal, it preys upon nocturnal life, and since nocturnal life consists largely of rodents—or, in another word, vermin, as far as humanity is concerned—the owl, being their principal destroyer, does sterling service. Like most creatures, however, he is subject to lapses. One of my earliest recollections of a barn owl was an accusation of poultry-killing, brought against the bird by a farmer's wife, justifiably or otherwise. Not very long ago one was certainly seen to swoop upon and strike a well-grown pullet which it could not lift and left in a dying condition when disturbed. Gilbert White, in one of his letters, mentions the havoc wrought by a particularly voracious pair in a pigeon-cote, but this is unusual. They often share a loft or cote with tame pigeons, like foxes share a burrow with rabbits, occupying separate compartments. The first eggs of the barn owl that I ever found were in a dove-cote, with the lawful owners occupying adjoining flats, and there was no evidence of unneighbourly behaviour.

When hunting his conventional game, a barn owl's working hours are long. In 'Lloyd's Handbook to the Birds of Great Britain,' published in 1896, the species is represented as essentially nocturnal, a bird which 'never ventures out in the daylight of its own accord.' Meticulous accuracy being the keynote of this work, palpable error upon so elementary a point seems quite unaccountable. The mistake is common to writings of the period, however, and appears to be based upon a more or less general and much older belief. There was even a superstition to the effect that the appearance of a barn owl by daylight foretold national calamity. Apparently, an owl hunting by daylight was considered as unthinkable a hundred years ago as stars at noon. Since every modern schoolboy-ornithologist is better informed, one wonders at the lack of first-hand observation displayed by some eminent naturalists of the past. The ever-reliable Gilbert White

noted that the barn owls of his district took to the fields about an hour before sunset. Actually, on cloudy afternoons they are often out much earlier, but never before the sun is westerning.

The good or bad name acquired by a carnivorous creature depends entirely upon our attitude towards the form of life that it destroys. If the ferocious sparrowhawk killed nothing but sparrows and wood-pigeons it would be considered a public benefactor, a sort of unpaid pest officer. If herons and cormorants killed nothing but undesirable fish they would have fewer enemies. There is one law for the wild hunter or fisher, another for ourselves. Everything depends upon outlook, and this has certainly influenced our attitude to the barn owl. Convention has not been so kind to the 'tawny,' while the bad press that the little owl originally acquired—without justification as subsequent research proved—would have gone far to exterminate a less tenacious bird.

The four principal native species differ very little in size, there being only a matter of two inches—mostly tail—between the barn owl, which is the smallest, and the long-eared female, which heads the list by occasionally measuring $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The tawny extends to about 15 inches, the short-eared slightly less. Measurements of individuals vary so much, however, that no hard and fast rule exists. Among British owls there is no nest-builder in the literal sense. Any dark corner under an old roof where eggs can lie is good enough for the barn owl. A disused chimney or hollow tree will do, *fait de mieux*. Both long-eared and tawny owls use the old nests of magpie, crow, or buzzard or, failing these, the tawny sometimes lays in a hollow crotch of an evergreen, and often in a rabbit hole, the little owl following his example. The short-eared species emulates the nightjar, depositing its clutch on open ground, with at most a few leaves, twigs, or wisps of herbage collected in mere apology. Indeed, birds of this order seem to consider mattresses unnecessary for their young, perhaps because the nestlings are well covered with natural down.

An interesting description of a barn owl's nest was recently given to me by a farm-labourer—also a keen naturalist—a somewhat rare combination which, when found, nearly approaches the ideal, owing to the special

advantages which such men enjoy. He was moving some reed piled high under the rafters of an old-fashioned barn, in a dark corner of which most appropriate place he came upon the nest, snugly placed among the sheaves. It contained four owlets still in the fluffy stage, and in the man's own words: 'There was mice and rats piled thick on the rim of the nest all round it. You never see'd a prettier sight.' From an æsthetic standpoint one might have thought that 'pretty' was scarcely the appropriate adjective for those 'ramparts of the dead.' The spectacle so appealed to the practical if not the artistic sense of my narrator, however, that he hurried with the news to his employer, who agreed that such birds must not be disturbed at any price, and no more reed bundles were removed from the vicinity of the nest.

When studying the eyrie of almost any rapacious bird, and particularly the nursery of an owl, one is impressed by the well-stocked larder. Supply so obviously exceeds the demand, and this is not surprising. When feeding young, owls come and go continuously, only two or three minutes elapsing between the visits of one bird or the other. They seldom return empty-handed, the wonder lying in their ability to find so many mice—or whatever the victims may be—and the apparently endless capacity for demolishing them displayed by the young. Possibly the raided nests already described answer one question, although the percentage of bird remains usually found in owl pellets is negligible.

All nocturnal animals lose much of their timidity after dark and that, I think, is the secret of the reputation for ferocity which owls of various species have acquired—not entirely without reason. An article published not long ago in a West Country newspaper represented the 'tawny' as a veritable public danger. Indeed, it took the form of a warning to holiday-makers and all people who venture into the secluded places where brown owls rear their young. This, of course, was a ridiculous exaggeration. It is common knowledge that Eric Hosking, the well-known bird photographer, lost the use of an eye through attack by a 'tawny.' Such instances, however, are exceptional, and notable in consequence. Were it otherwise, owls, being so common, would be invaluable custodians of the woods and the terror of youthful egg-collectors. In reality

direct action is usually taken against the most inoffensive people. Admittedly, I remember the case of two boys who once received a salutary lesson from a barn owl. They were the sons of a farmer in whose loft the owls bred, and interference with the nest had been strictly forbidden. For that reason, needless to say, the white eggs became veritable apples of Eden and a surreptitious raid inevitable. The loft was dark, the boys were young and demoralised from the outset by fears of detection. When the old owls evinced strong disapproval in the marked, or rather marking, way that some owls seem to have, it was the nest-hunters who became the hunted, the raid a headlong scramble to escape. The boys got off with a few deep scratches, the paternal comment being: 'And serve you right. Perhaps you'll mind what I tell 'ee next time.'

Most of the attacks recorded have been made in late evening or early night when, from the owl's point of view, it has become a case of leaving 'the world to darkness and to me.' Mr Hosking's 'accident' occurred, he tells me, about eleven p.m., and that seems to be more or less the usual time, when man has become an interloper and creatures of the night are assuming control. William Long, in his 'Fowls of the Air,' describes the manner in which a Canadian lumber camp was reduced to a state of superstitious terror by one bird which, swooping silently from behind, struck and thoroughly scared various men before its identity was discovered. That, of course, was the formidable great horned species, but our own owls can strike quite effectively, particularly when the assault is unexpected. A lady in this neighbourhood, when looking out of an upstairs window one moonlight night, suddenly received a sharp blow on the forehead, her face being covered with blood before she realised what had happened. Her assailant was a barn owl with young lodged under the roof. A West Country naturalist, walking through a pine-wood—the property of a neighbour and friend—after dark, was attacked so savagely by a 'tawny' that, rather than injure the bird in self-defence, he literally fled. Unwittingly he ran towards the owner of the wood, also out for a late walk. The owner, mistaking his friend for an aggressive poacher, also took to his heels and subsequently hid, giving a very different account of the incident next day when relating it to the one man who knew

the truth. 'I thought it kinder not to tell him' was the latter's comment when repeating the story to me. In view of such occurrences the old cliché of living too near the woods to be frightened by an owl seems singularly inapt, although perhaps the very existence of the saying suggests that it had some foundation.

It should be re-emphasised that all owls are not prone to take such direct action. One only hears about the exceptions, and I might add that during half a century of first-hand study no startling experience has come my way. The normal owl, particularly by day, is a timid creature, a veritable woodland Aunt Sally at whom all other birds hurl abuse if nothing else. As already remarked, every nocturnal animal, from the lion to the house-mouse, becomes bolder at night, the extent of his aggressiveness varying according to temperament and capacity. By night man has no place in the natural scheme, and in consequence wild creatures have not the same fear of him. That is why the big carnivores become more dangerous when dusk falls, and why owls, white and brown, hold nightly converse in a big yew tree within a few yards of my study window. No diurnal bird of prey ever alights so near the house, unless engaged upon some snatch-and-grab raid, when it is gone almost as soon as seen. Even the eminently solitary nightjar, which seldom stirs until twilight falls, then seems to be quite indifferent to human proximity. It will sit upon a branch or stump within a few feet of a moorland footpath and 'chur' until the warm air quivers, as regardless of the passer-by as the glowworms or chirruping grasshoppers. I have stood under a low branch upon which a nightjar was churring lustily and mimicked its note without embarrassing the soloist in the least. Far from fearing that most dangerous of living things, the man with the gun, 'between the lights' this misnamed 'fern owl' will flit around the gamekeeper or rabbit-stalking yokel, as though tempting him to expend a cartridge upon a bird which he considers merely 'noisy,' and at best 'no good.'

Returning to the main subject, the barn owl, when hawking by daylight, although less bold than a nightjar, does not seem to take humanity into account as would a hawk or falcon, all species of which are diurnal. Hunting alongside a hedgerow upon soundless gliding wings, it

approaches an observer as though quite unaware of his presence, until almost upon him, then sheers off unalarmed and resumes its mouse-hunt on the other side of the field. A hawk so encountered would put a swift mile between himself and the person who had startled him before giving further thought to business. An owl's outlook appears to be different, for figuratively as well as literally he sees things through other eyes than those of normal birds.

Throughout this article I have frequently spoken of 'owls' in a more or less collective sense, much that applies to one species being also applicable to the entire order. They have indeed a great deal in common, and this becomes the more apparent with increasing experience. An owl, tawny, white, long-eared, short-eared, or little, to mention the species which one is most likely to meet in this country, is always eminently an owl. Perhaps the little owl, being an alien, differs most from the rest, which are not strictly his fellow countrymen. Even his voice is not sufficiently 'owly' to be identified as such the moment it strikes the ear. The cry of barn owl or tawny, upon the other hand, could not be anything but 'owl,' though one may be mistaken for the other. Their respective cries are not so distinctive as represented by ornithological convention—if one may use such a phrase. They have many notes more or less in common, as do the hawks and falcons, and the 'expert,' who denies the possibility of confusion except by a tyro, derives his statements from works of reference rather than personal contact. We are treated to frequent serenades from both species, and for some time it is often difficult to decide which speaker occupies the pulpit. The whistle of a song thrush, if heard upon the high moor, might well be attributed to a ring-ouzel, so strong is the family likeness between their respective voices, and as far as the human ear can distinguish, a mewing barn owl says much the same as a mewing tawny—when there is no opportunity for comparison. In distinguishing between the voices of kindred species, one must usually listen for some special characteristic, motif, or even inflection, and the barn owl mainly proclaims its identity in the shrill screech as compared with the tawny's far-sounding hoot which fills the woodland valleys on a still night.

The so-called 'snoring' of the barn owl, often heard in belfries or in ruins, is really a note of alarm, usually indicating disturbance rather than actual fright. It might be described as a protest against broken rest, as during a church service. The bird is accustomed to the sounds and does not fly away, but it is kept in a semi-wakeful state, however, and complains in its own way, like a sleepy, irritable child. No owl would snore in a building the stillness of which was unbroken by sound or vibration. It is the echo of voice or footstep to which the disturbed sleeper responds. The owl vocabulary is extensive, and an interesting record might be obtained when several birds assemble in some tree for one of their moonlight concerts. Whether agreement or discord prevails upon these occasions is beyond a listener's ability to decide. They may be amicable, but they certainly are not harmonious.

Under normal conditions, owls in general are not as silent by day as many people might suppose. Like the nightingale's song, their calls often pass unnoticed among other diurnal sounds, but they may be heard at all hours and upon almost any day in unfrequented places. Oddly enough, tawnies, most strictly nocturnal of British species, are much more vociferous by daylight than the barn owl, which, although addicted to afternoon hunting, reserves his remarks until a more appropriate occasion. One seldom spends a day in the woods without hearing brown owls, however, especially during thundery weather, when they are almost as talkative as at night, although they hoot upon their roosting perches from which they rarely stir, unless disturbed.

A common but seldom mentioned cry of a tawny owl is the rather pathetic whimper, not unlike the whine of a disgruntled puppy, uttered when it is discovered and baited by other birds, usually jays or magpies—treatment to which most owls are subjected in all parts of the world. Even the great horned owl is not exempt from torment by American crows—more like rooks in many of their habits.

Various theories have been advanced to account for this action by ordinary birds. Some naturalists believe that it is due to dislike of the abnormal. Others think that the birds recognise the terrible Hyde of the night in the drowsy, blinking Jekyll of the day. Actually it is probable

that other birds recognise an owl in both characters, and in any case would mob it for either reason. They treat a hawk in precisely the same way, the only difference being that the hawk refuses to be bullied, and either removes himself or, as sometimes happens, takes counter-action. Incidentally, I have never seen either a little owl or a barn owl harassed by diurnal birds, although they attract more notice. Being accustomed to fly by day, they can get away from their tormentors more easily, and indeed behave like hawks under similar circumstances.

Rapacious birds of different species usually avoid one another, although harriers and kestrels are sometimes seen hawking over the same ground. As a rule they hunt different game and the question of territorial rights does not arise. There is always friction, of course, in the neighbourhood of an eyrie, but I have never heard of an owl attacking another winged marauder, even in defence of its breeding place. During the daytime its one idea is self-effacement. By night it would be a very different matter, no doubt, but since no other woodland birds hunt by night, there is no clash of interests.

Exceptions occur to every rule, however, and quite recently an extraordinary encounter between a sparrowhawk and a barn owl was described to me by a farmer who witnessed it. Himself screened by a tall hedgerow, he watched the silent-winged course of the owl as it quartered low over the stubble, a short gunshot away, when wings of a very different character whistled over his head, and a streak of grey lightning descended upon the owl. Whether the hawk regarded it as a trespasser or some unusual kind of game was known only to itself, but however that may have been, it took action with its customary headlong velocity. The owl went down, as well he might, and earthwards after him went the hawk, bill and talons poised for the savage finishing work. It proved to be a story with a surprise ending, however. The owl lay upon his back, prostrate indeed, but in no way disposed to be finished. Two long legs, more like white fur-gloved arms, shot out as the hawk swooped down. Two sets of steel talons, more powerful than its own, grabbed it by the breast, and the situation was reversed with dramatic suddenness. Ferocious attack degenerated into struggle to escape, the scream of triumph with which the hawk

had followed up its first and usually deadly blow became a shrill twitter of distress. For a few moments there was a desperate scuffle, while feathers white and grey flew freely. There seemed to be little doubt that aggression would meet its due reward when the spectator unfortunately broke up the fight by endeavouring to get a better view. The owl, catching sight of him, released its hold. The hawk, still screeching, took hasty flight, leaving a trail of feathers in the air. The owl sailed off in the opposite direction, and that at least was characteristic, its invariable policy being to get as far away from other birds as possible. Like Kipling's cat, he walks, or in this case flies, by himself, and in many respects owls are the cats of the feathered kingdom. Silent, stealthy, sharp of claw, with eyes that glow in the dark, and the disposition which nightfall quickens from inertia into fiery activity, the two races indeed have much in common. An owl is not gifted with a cat's nine lives. Upon the contrary, his aptitude for getting into trouble is such that 'as unlucky as an owl' would be a most appropriate simile. Within my own experience he has been the victim of many accidents which could not happen to another bird. That again is characteristic, however, for an owl could not behave like anything else. He is just his own queer self.

D. ST LEGER-GORDON.

Art. 6.—TOWARDS SOLUTION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

WILLINGNESS to hold a polite ear to unsought and unwanted advice is not a very common trait ; and the South African, who is of the most courteous of people, has therefore some of our sympathy when, at times, he resents being told so often and so long how he should solve his racial problems. But both the criticism and his resentment of it flow from his failure to realise that he is living in a world bigger than the Union and that it is not possible to compartment racial conflicts within the Union as if they had no impact on racial stresses elsewhere. But all this, and much more, has been said before with a tiresome monotony, and it is not the intention of this article to stumble into the swirling dust of this arena. It aims instead to stand clear of the conflicts of moral and political partisanship and, with the strength of this dispassion, to point to a way of escape from some at least of the danger which threatens, and, indeed, already besets, the Union. Its argument appeals to physical necessity, and not at all to political morality. When its drift accords with the more liberal conceptions of political morality, the fact is coincidental : and the drift derives no impulse from those conceptions. It is hoped thus to present a case to which a South African, whether of the United Party or the Nationalist, may lend more willing, if still unwilling, ear.

The suggestion is this : that the Union should take steps at once to recruit, train, and arm a large, effective native police force. And here native includes Indian and Cape coloured man.

It is true that native and coloured auxiliaries already exist ; but their functions are restricted either explicitly or by prejudice ; and their credit with the public is exceedingly low. I have not in mind any bastard organisation of this kind. I mean a legitimate, well-recruited, well-equipped, well-housed, well-treated, adequately armed force which, as it proves itself, should be expanded even to the point of outnumbering its white parent body.

The idea has no claim to novelty, for it is as old as empire. It belongs, indeed, to the age-old police technique of empire ; and it is buttressed ordinarily by the use of native troops. It is still in use in those parts of the world where empire lingers on. There is nothing intrinsically

unsafe about it, if certain elementary precautions accompany it. But the South African, if ever he has given it thought, which is doubtful, because it is so alien to his whole outlook in such matters, has shrunk from it on the ground, presumably, that the very creation of such a force would mark the decisive beginning of an abhorrent end. And the fear has inhibited him from examining the thought on its merits to see whether it holds anything of good for him.

Native forces are inseparable from empire. South Africa, in planning the structure of its future, suffers from the handicap that its foundations are neither wholly of empire nor wholly of colony. They are not wholly of colony because, broadly, the white man does not take off his coat to do his own work ; and they are not wholly of empire because he has made it his home and is present in it in number. But he is inclined to insist on viewing it wholly as colony. It is both ; and he cannot escape its tangled implications.

The case for a native force rests on three main assertions : that the Union is heading inexorably towards grave unrest and disorder ; that a white police force, however large and however efficient, will not be able successfully to deal with this ; and that the creation of a native force is both inevitable and of advantage. The first assertion will, I imagine, find very general acceptance. The second and third I hope to establish.

How do law and order stand to-day ? The visitor to the Union should have little difficulty in assessing this. He will be surprised and, perhaps, shocked to learn that, in Cape Town, it is unsafe for a white woman to return from a party at night without male escort ; that even a man might well hesitate to venture out alone after dinner on to Green Point Common, a stone's throw from the *stoep* of his hotel ; that in District Six, on the borders of the City, the coloured man lives and warns off the white man ; that, in Johannesburg, white women are nervous at night when their men-folk are absent ; that they prefer to wait for the morning to post a letter in a pillar box a few hundred yards away ; and that throughout the Union windows are barred and burglar-proofed to a degree strange to us in Britain. And, if he wants reinforcement of his impressions, he has only to

glance at the weekly figures published in the papers of violent attacks by natives on white men and women. Nobody will deny that there is far too much of violent crime in Britain ; but fear in South Africa stalks at night with a decisiveness unknown here. And to the normality of white hooliganism it adds a horrid breath of racialism.

What of the police ? The South African, with all his pride of country, will not claim that it is efficiently policed. He will tell you that the war took away many of the best men and that, for one reason and another, they did not all return ; that the Force is ridiculously underpaid ; and that, therefore, good men will not join it. He will even laugh at it : but he will not praise it. It is not necessary to analyse this weakness at length, for the point is material only in stressing an unwise unpreparedness.

If this be the condition of things to-day when native nationalism is embryonic, what will it be when the tide of nationalism flows in full flood and intensifies the problems with which the police have to deal ? If experience elsewhere is any guide, in countries which afford something of a parallel, the Union has before it a chain of gravely disturbing occurrence : labour ferment ; racial grievance sharpening through criminal into political crime ; the swelling of the figures of non-political crime, fostered by that something in the air which spells lawlessness, and aided by the vicious circle of police inadequacy and undetected crime ; the spread of disaffection from the towns into the native villages and reservations ; individual acts of terrorism broadening into gang sabotage. And what a field the railways on their lonely veldt offer to the saboteur ! And, finally, unless policy and control advance harmoniously hand in hand, a stage assuredly will be reached when a sense of social and political injustice will poison the mind of native man, youth, woman, boy.

An overstatement ? I think not. It has all happened elsewhere. And the pity of this cockpit of races is that much of this will be inescapable in any event, whether the door to emancipation be opened wide or half opened or firmly barred. The United Party realise something of this, but have not yet sought to arm themselves against it. The Nationalists seek to bar the door : and one day it will be blown out. Woodworm has attacked it already. One has only to see in Johannesburg natives in sports-coats of

British and American cut ; in pork-pie hats and suède shoes ; their women in imitation fur coats ; staring in bunched eagerness into shop windows. One has only to think again of the currency of racial crime, and to sense the unease of the white man and the dumb, rising threat of the black, to know that the old order is yielding place to a new in which even now the white man is on the defensive. Does the Nationalist think that the seeds, good and bad, of civilised example have not been blown deep into the reserved areas and that, in fresh and receptive soil, they will not bear the fruit of their kind ?

Surely the picture is not overdrawn ? Surely it is not possible to conceive that, in another fifty, thirty, nay, twenty, years of a fast changing world, eight million natives will still remain within the circumscribing walls of apartheid ?

No, it is not overdrawn. The Nationalists, too, will have pressing need of a strong instrument of control, even if they purpose its use only for suppression. This is sure because, as is only too apparent, the South African economy, in its dependence on black labour for its mines, for its railways, for its fields, is wide open to attack. It cannot be long before this labour, in the knowledge of its indispensability and with all the circumstance of reasonableness, can compel improved conditions of living and, trailing behind these, substantial political rights. It would still have been sure even if there had not been a subsidiary Indian question, with strings to the new, parent India ; or if there were not continental Africa, with its ambitious stirrings, to point an uncomfortable analogy ; or if the world outside would keep its thoughts to itself and refrain from wagging a critical head. But, as it is, the present is only too plainly pregnant with its future, and the analyst of the physical pattern cannot ignore the facts. And the South African would be wise to open his eyes to them.

Parenthetically, the recent revival, still in its early, hesitant beginnings, of the Gandhian technique of non-violence, should not be under-rated. If experience in India taught anything, it was this : that violence is inherent in mass non-violence ; and that the only way to defeat mass non-violence is to crush it ruthlessly, and by violence, in its earliest infancy. But the remedy itself poses problems as severe as the disease. This is not to

uphold or condemn the use of non-violence to secure a political objective. With moral justifications of any kind this article has no concern.

Improved policing, to the South African, will have only the one meaning of the expansion and reorganisation of his white force. This, despite the cost and the difficulties inherent in full recruitment, may well be within the capacity of the Union ; but, even so, the force will suffer from the basic disability that it will be structurally ill-matched to its task. Where the men in it possess no knowledge of the native, they will be the poorer for their ignorance ; and where they possess a working share of this knowledge they are as likely as not to be the more dangerous for their imperfect understanding. This is not a tilt at the South African. The criticism would apply with equal justice to the lower ranks of the police forces of Britain were they to be employed in Africa. Most professional police officers with long experience abroad will agree that Britons in these ranks, although they are of great value as a stiffening in times of potential and active disorder, necessarily lack in their dealings with subject peoples those qualities which make for success in criminal investigation, or in work which falls under the generic heading of Special Branch, or in Intelligence. Malaya, even at this moment, seems to be repeating this lesson for us : that native unrest is best dealt with through the native. In brief, in situations of this kind, a native force and native subordinate officers are incomparably more useful than any white force, however excellent in its home surroundings.

This basic disability may pass almost unnoticed in times of tranquillity ; but it becomes only too apparent when unrest scribbles untidily and bloodily across the station diary. There is always an element of Intelligence in all policing ; but, when times are troublous, the eye of control must be as alert to see as its hand is to strike ; and to strike before the offender can spot the blow descending and escape. That, I imagine, was, and still is, the trouble in Malaya. Eye and hand have got out of balance ; and the hand too often telegraphs the coming punch, as it must do when it is so blatantly white. If it is darkened, it is given a chance to catch up on people whose sources of Intelligence, for a hundred local reasons, are so much better

than its own. In such circumstances, five hundred native policemen, effectively officered, are worth more than a brigade of British troops. A comparison between the South African veldt and the tropical jungle of Malay might seem to be foolish ; but the principles of policing do not vary much and it would be surprising if the comparison were not correct in its essentials. And it will be surprising, too, unless efficient controls are established early, if the Union does not become, like Malaya, a problem of Intelligence. Indeed, it is already becoming one. In this unhappy contingency, the white policeman's ears will be too few and not held close enough to the ground. Moreover, they will not be the right type of ear, pointing, as they must, to each sound. He will be poor in his interpretation of matters which require specialised knowledge for their full interpretation ; his appreciations and his forecasts will be faulty ; he will strike too late ; and, when he moves to strike, he will publish his intentions over the face of the land. There can be no mistaking him for a Negro. Just so do British armed forces, with all their paraphernalia of transport, doctors, boiled water, and what not, advertise their intended forays for miles around. And their local laundrymen are not the last to know ! No, it is the guerrilla who is wanted : and he must be native. Lastly, and as important as any of the rest, the white policeman will learn that the procurement and the handling of Intelligence 'agents' is a task which is best left, under remote control, to a native officer. But you must first build the breed.

A native force cannot be built in a day. Its organisation will call for broad, decisive, planning ; slow beginnings ; and, exceptionally, bold experiments. Much experience could be borrowed from other parts of Africa and from India and, on that basis, a plan would readily emerge which under experiment would give birth to much of its own detail. It should always bear the future in mind in prescribing for the present : the functions to be allotted at once and, progressively, later ; the character of recruitment for these developing functions ; the moral building up of the force for the more responsible rôle now intended for it ; the selection and training of its white officers and of its under-officers, white and native ; the construction of residential police lines ; the arms with which the force

would be equipped ; the fostering of esprit-de-corps ; and the official and social relationship of the force to the white population no less than to the native. Perhaps I may put a little flesh on some of these bones. One bold decision that is, in my view, inseparable from the plan is to divide the force into two distinct components, armed and unarmed. The weapons given to the former should include such firearms as are adequate to the suppression of civil disorder but so inferior to the equipment of the Army as to hold no menace to Government. The corresponding body in India was equipped, initially at any rate, mainly with muskets procured by the boring out of faulty or discarded Army rifles. There was a reason for this other than of caution. A rifle has too high a penetrative power to be suitable for use against mobs, and so something less lethal, like the musket, has to be used. Rifles were, however, always allotted to special 'rifle squads' for use against gangs, generally in open country. These squads were invaluable. The armed police would be a civil force ; but trained, disciplined, and officered on semi-military lines. It would be a reserve for emergency and against gang crime, and it would guard and escort prisoners and Government treasure and do kindred duties. It could accept recruits of no education or low education. It should be recruited at once and it would at once be an insurance against the extravagances of unrest. It must be housed well and in conditions superior to anything the men would find in their own homes. Headquarters lines should not be too close to native residential areas. And, if the men are to be content and not roam, the lines must hold a high proportion of married quarters. Even the single man should have a room to himself ; and only recruits, for the period of their probation, should be housed in barracks. Police are not short service troops and, ordinarily, barracks are not suitable for them. Organised games should be a part of the system and inter-district contests should be arranged in order to foster a healthy spirit of competition. There should be schools at all headquarters where men, both armed and unarmed, could receive elementary education and a grounding in police duties and instruction in their relations with the public. In due time, Central Schools should be established to train officers and under-officers and to provide refresher courses.

The unarmed body would pattern itself on the white force and dovetail into it, always with the remoter target in mind of equal responsibility with the white man. Gradually, they could assume subordinate control in parts of the country where police problems reflect a predominantly native population. Progress would necessarily be slow, but it should not be so slow that the men have neither the opportunity nor the incentive to deploy their special capabilities. They would perform all the normal duties of a police station and be introduced to Special Branch and Intelligence functions. It would neither be essential nor always possible to house them in lines away from native areas.

Their recruitment and promotion would be matters of great importance. Experience abroad does not uphold the British system of all recruitment via the ranks. The fact that it works well in Britain is a tribute to the people as much as to their guardians. But, abroad, with populations less law-abiding or more discontented, it would be as foolish to insist that every officer should start as a constable as to insist that every doctor must first be an apothecary's compounder. Not all compounders would make good doctors ; and one is therefore driven to initial standards of pick and choose.

The South African may well find that he has to recruit, when the progress of native education permits this, at three levels : for the unarmed constabulary, men with a low, minimum standard of education ; for under-officers, men of, say, matriculation standard ; and for officers, men with degrees. This, of course, is a vision of the future and not of the undeveloped present. It will also be found wise to reserve, concurrently with direct recruitment from outside the force, a percentage of special promotion for men of outstanding ability or performance, whether they conform with educational standards or not. The unusually good compounder must be able to get through to be a doctor, even though his knowledge of medicine is severely practical. Opportunity to show initiative, gallantry, and exceptional ability is frequent in the less orderly parts of the world, and prompt recognition of these qualities has tonic effect on a force as a whole.

Of the white officer it is only necessary to say this : that, while maintaining firm, just discipline, he must be as

proud, and as defensive, of his men as of himself. If the native police are not given an equal status, equal responsibilities, and equal powers with their white fellows, or if, being given these, the white officer does not insist that the convention should be observed faithfully, then the game is lost before it is begun. This must be underlined, because many, if not most, South Africans would find this bitter pill sticking in their gullets. And yet it is one of the earliest lessons of empire.

In India, where the forces of the Crown, army, and police were trusted, they remained loyal and acted against their own people until the ultimate chapter of the transfer of power. Those who weakened before the end were the victims of British unpreparedness and military defeat in Malaya and Burma and, by consequence, of Japanese ill-treatment or propaganda or both. The crack, once it started, widened dangerously, but in India we were dealing, in an inglorious period of war, with a people whose numerical disproportion to their white rulers was infinite; and not, as in the Union, in a ratio of only four or five to one. Further, it is perhaps worthy of note that when the crack did first occur, it was not in the police. It is true that, at this juncture, the strain on a section of the army was unfairly severe, but so had been the strain of civil commotion on the police for nearly thirty Gandhian years; and years, too, of vicious communal strife. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in this long chain of constancy was the proof the police gave of their ability to ignore their own communal origins when dealing with communal disorder. Only less remarkable was their loyalty to their foreign rulers against their own people. Part explanation of this miracle can be found in the immunising effects of inoculation. It is not possible to isolate an unarmed policeman from his surroundings. The policeman in India, as soon as he had completed his training, was thrust straight into the arena and became at once the target of hostility, abuse, and, not infrequently, violence. If he did not throw in his hand early, and astonishingly few did, he could be relied upon not to break under any pressure. For army purposes, isolation is thoroughly sound, but for the policeman inoculation is better than the sanitary cordon.

The South African need have no fear that his weapon

will recoil upon him. If he does fear this, he is conjuring up his own terrors. There is, of course, a string attached to the weapon, for it is as certain as anything can be that the wheel will one day go full cycle and that loyalty will lapse from the white man to whatever hybrid government inherits from him; just as the Indian sepoy recruited by Clive and Dupleix, having served their imperial purposes, have swung in the fullness of time to fresh, older, more natural loyalties. Their duty was to serve the government. They did it; they are still doing it.

For the Union the moment of full cycle is yet far ahead. In the meanwhile, a native force would not only give the country the security it needs, but it would be, at the same time, the first major step towards that sense of civic responsibility among the natives generally which alone can render the ultimate transfer or division of power a process at once of greater safety and greater naturalness. Trouble and danger there will be, but such a force will curb crime and lawlessness, and will permit the measured development of the native without allowing his advance to career riotously into chaos. In brief, the brake will bear its own lubricating oil.

It is probably asking too much of the Nationalist Party to expect them to see this. They will see in it instead the very negation of apartheid; and so it is. They will recognise only too clearly that 'if you take the first step, you will take the last.' And that, too, is correct. But they will be wrong when they think that the employment of a native force is intrinsically, and presently, dangerous, or that its existence would add to the risks of subversion by their subject peoples. The threat will come, is coming, spontaneously from the peoples themselves. It will be resisted, not aided, by the native police. But the United Party have agreed to take the first step, and should have less difficulty in agreeing also to make it a decisive one. If the Nationalists could persuade themselves to follow suit and to grasp firmly this one nettle, they might not recoil so convulsively from the rest of the bed; and even this imperfect measure of agreement may carry the white men forward to a partial resolution of the conflict which threatens to destroy them all.

All this would sell the future for the price of the present? Of course it would. But the future is up for

auction already : and no reserve price can be placed upon it. If the South African is wise, he will get the best price he can ; while he can. He will aim to make the present safer, pleasanter, and, strangely enough, more durable. He will let it serve as midwife to the future. The delivery will be normal ; and the baby will not be so horrific after all.

NORMAN SMITH.

P.S. to NOTHING LIKE LEATHER. (*Continued from p. 444*).

levels despite the ravages of foot-and-mouth disease, till now sadly neglected in France, and of dry weather, miscalled a drought when we remember the real French drought of five years running, a short time back, but still sufficient to reduce the supply of many vegetables. At such a time the following revelation shocked every thinking man. A large combine in the east of France virtually controls the distribution of oils, fats, and grease, vitally important to the engineering industry as well as to individual consumers. A cooperative society in Lorraine sold its customers products obtained from the combine at prices lower than those fixed by the combine, whereon the combine threatened to stop all supplies to the cooperative if it should maintain its price reduction. And this in the heat of M. Pinay's campaign to reduce prices and save the franc. Similar practices have been found to exist in the textile industry, and in general it is evident that the system of *prix imposés*, originally introduced to prevent the sale of articles at enhanced prices, is now being used to maintain the *prix imposé* as a minimum.

The wine trade too, which employs four million workers, is voluble in its grievances and demands the distillation by government of 100 million litres of wine into commercial alcohol. Wine cannot be sold in sufficient quantity. Why ? Because the price is too high. Whose fault is this ? That of the wine trade. Soon after the Liberation the price of *vin ordinaire* or table wine, not to speak of fine wine, was put up overnight by 300 per cent. or more ; and though prices in the last few years have been somewhat brought down, this healthy tendency has not gone nearly far enough to prevent the accumulation of a surplus stock swelling every year. It is not the amount of wine sold in restaurants that matters, but the daily consumption in millions of French homes. Formerly the French working man would easily drink a litre of wine per day : now, as often as not, he drinks water. The remedy is to bring

(*Continued on p. 535*).

Art. 7.—THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN THE U.S.A.

THERE was a time when a Presidential Election in the United States excited little interest outside the continent of North America, because its result had no serious impact upon the fortunes of the rest of the world. But this attitude of indifference vanished after the United States, following its decisive intervention in the First World War, began to exercise in the international arena an influence commensurate with its massive strength in population, wealth and resources. And from 1916 onwards the progress of every Presidential Election has been watched with keen interest and sometimes with anxiety by other nations. In 1920 the victory of the Republican party under President Harding had very serious consequences for the whole world, since it resulted in the withdrawal of the United States from the League of Nations and a fatal weakening of the structure of collective security, of which the League was the foundation, and the twelve years of Republican rule which followed saw the United States pursuing a foreign policy, which was not far removed from isolationism.

The election of 1932 brought back to power the Democrats under the able and energetic leadership of Franklin Roosevelt, and during his long tenure of the Presidency, which, lasting twelve years, broke all records, the United States abandoned isolationism and, after making an enormous contribution to the second defeat of Germany and her allies, became the foremost power in the world, taking the lead in the creation of a fresh international organisation for the preservation of peace and security. President Truman, inheriting the ideals and policies of Roosevelt, soon found them challenged by the menacing aspirations of Communist Russia to dominate the world, and he laboured strenuously according to his lights to strengthen the alliance of the free democracies for the purpose of frustrating the designs of Moscow. And his surprising victory in the election of 1948 ensured that the United States would continue to play a major role for the defence of democratic freedom against the enemies, who threatened its existence.

But, as the term of President Truman drew to a close, there was an ominous erosion of the popularity of his administration from different causes, and the Congressional election of 1950 provided evidence that the American

people were losing confidence in the Democratic party and were ready to contemplate the restoration of the Republicans to power at Washington. Under the guidance of Senator Vandenberg of Michigan the Republican party had given, with certain reservations, sympathetic co-operation to the Democrats in regard to international policies, but after his death the leadership of the party became firmly in the hands of Senator Robert Taft of Ohio, a very experienced and skilful politician, who had never endorsed the views of Vandenberg and was not disposed to co-operate with the Democrats in any field. Senator Taft and his associates believe that the United States has to-day assumed far too onerous a burden of responsibility for the fortunes of the rest of the free world, and, since he started his campaign for the Presidential nomination of his party, Senator Taft's pronouncements have indicated clearly that, if he became President, he would endeavour to curtail the commitments of the United States outside its own bounds and would be more concerned with the fate of China than the fortunes of Western Europe.

So the prospect of a Republican victory under his leadership inevitably aroused genuine alarm in all the countries which regard the United States as the chief bulwark of their security, and there was general satisfaction all over Europe and elsewhere, when the leaders of the international wing of the Republican party persuaded General Eisenhower to challenge the claims of Taft upon the Republican nomination. Obviously the ejection from power of the Democrats, who have sponsored the plan of Marshall Aid, the Truman doctrine, the North Atlantic Pact and the policy of Priority for Europe, would have less serious consequences for the rest of the world, if Eisenhower and associates, who approve of all these policies, were installed in office at Washington. For this reason the outside world has during the summer watched intently the struggle between Taft and Eisenhower for the Republican nomination and its culmination in Chicago in the triumph of Eisenhower leaves other nations able to follow the battle for the Presidency, which is now by far the most powerful office in the world, with easier minds.

Before the national convention of the Republican party opened in Chicago on July 7 all the omens indicated that it would be the scene of a tremendous political battle, and

they proved accurate. The chief interest centred in the party's nomination for the Presidency and, while five candidates had secured the support of delegates in the primary elections, it was obvious that the real contest lay between Senator Taft and General Eisenhower. Senator Taft, who has been for a considerable time the Republican leader in the Senate, was making his third bid for the nomination, and, since his age seemed to rule out the possibility of another effort, he had been conducting for nearly two years a strenuous nation-wide campaign for the purpose of mustering the support of delegates. His record as a staunch conservative ensured for him the backing of what is known as 'The Old Guard' of the Republican party, to whom most of his views were completely acceptable. General Eisenhower, on the other hand, was the nominee of the liberal wing of the party, whose leaders felt that Senator Taft could not hope to win the support, essential for victory, of a large contingent of independents and disgruntled Democrats. In reality there is no material difference in the views of Senator Taft and General Eisenhower upon domestic issues, and the real cleavage is in the field of international affairs. Senator Taft repudiates the suggestion that he is an isolationist, but he has always regarded the problems of the Pacific as more important than those of Europe and would set distinct limits to the amount of aid which the United States would provide for the defence of Western Europe, and would concentrate upon building up the air power of his country at the expense of the other two branches of its armed forces. But General Eisenhower, a firm believer in the value of both the UNO and NATO as agencies for the preservation of security and peace, is convinced that the United States cannot afford to be niggardly in its contributions for strengthening the defence of Western Europe against Communist aggression, and holds that his country must have a strong army and navy as well as a powerful air force. This sharp divergence about international policy was reflected in the alignment of the industrial, banking and commercial magnates who adhere to the Republican party. General Eisenhower had the support of such interests as were deeply concerned about the prosperity of the export trade of the United States or had heavy investments in Europe and the Middle East ; for example the leaders of

the Morgan, Mellon and Ford groups and some of the Rockefeller family had made known their preference for him. Senator Taft on his part had the almost solid support of the industrial and business interests of the central states who are primarily concerned with the domestic market. The two great daily newspapers of New York, the 'Times' and 'Herald Tribune' and the powerful periodicals, headed by 'Time,' which Mr Henry Luce controls were as ardent supporters of General Eisenhower as Colonel McCormick's famous newspaper the 'Chicago Tribune' and its affiliates in New York and Washington were of Senator Taft.

The 'Taftite' forces entered the convention claiming the support of some 525 delegates, which was less than 100 short of the number needed to achieve a majority, 604. General Eisenhower had about 450 delegates pledged to support him, Governor Warren of California had 76, ex-Governor Stassen of Minnesota 29, and General Douglas MacArthur 10. But there was one serious weakness in the support mobilised for Senator Taft. Ever since the Civil War the Republican party has had no substantial voting strength in the group of states known as the 'Solid South,' and its organisation in these states has been habitually in the hands of groups of hard-boiled professional politicians, who kept the party flag flying in face of constant defeats in order to earn their rewards of political patronage, whenever their party came to power. In the famous contest in 1912 for the Republican nomination, President William H. Taft, the father of Senator Taft, defeated the formidable Theodore Roosevelt by his successful mobilisation of the support of the Republican delegates from the 'Solid South,' and Senator Taft set himself to repeat this feat of his sire. In most of these southern states his henchmen were able to pick, without serious opposition, delegations pledged to support him, but difficulties were encountered in Texas, Louisiana and Georgia, in all of which the majority of the local Republicans preferred General Eisenhower to Senator Taft. In these states a rebellion of the younger and more liberal elements of the party against the local bosses, who favoured Senator Taft, produced, through the district conventions, delegates pledged to support General Eisenhower. Thereupon the pro-Taft bosses took the line that the official conventions had been completely vitiated by an invasion of Democrats, who had enrolled

themselves as Republicans for the purpose of defeating Senator Taft, and they proceeded to call fresh conventions, which nominated delegations pledged to Senator Taft. Consequently there appeared at Chicago a group of rival delegations which each claimed to represent the Republican party in their state.

The proceedings of the Republican convention have received such generous publicity in the British press that any detailed recapitulation of them would be superfluous. It will suffice to say that Taft made a large contribution to his own defeat by the unwise and selfish use which he made of his control of the machinery of the convention. The publicity given to his attempt to 'steal' southern delegates aroused widespread public resentment and enabled the supporters of Eisenhower to raise the cry that the unscrupulous tactics of Taft and his friends had already alienated thousands of voters, and that if, in the coming election, the Republican party was to drive home its indictment of the Democrats for administrative corruption, it must enter the contest with a candidate who had clean hands.

And Taft further damaged his prospects by permitting a group of notorious reactionaries to be put forward as the chief spokesmen of his cause before the convention. The crude invective of General MacArthur, who delivered the keynote speech, and the mournful oratory of ex-President Hoover brought no converts to his side. And the strident partisan speeches of "diehard" politicians like Senators Dirksen, Hem, and Cain positively frightened many delegates, who had come to the convention sympathetic to Taft. So experienced observers were not surprised when the initial tabulation of the first ballot revealed Eisenhower to be only 9 votes short of a clear majority and a resulting rush to his band-wagon gave him 845 votes against the 280 recorded for Taft, 77 for Governor Warren and 10 for MacArthur. Later the nomination was made unanimous. The choice of Eisenhower as his running mate for the Vice-Presidency has fallen upon a young politician, only 39 years of age, Senator Nixon of California, who has made a good reputation in the Senate and will bring strength to the Republican ticket in an important state, and there was no opposition to his nomination. There was very little controversy over the adoption of the new programme of

the Republican party, in whose drafting Mr John Foster Dulles had played an important part. It is an enormous and very wordy document, whose full text occupies a whole page of the New York 'Times' and inevitably it represents a compromise between the views of the right and left wings of the Republican party. It makes a comprehensive indictment of the Democratic party on the ground that it has deprived the citizenry of precious liberties, disrupted internal tranquillity by fostering class strife, choked progress by unnecessary and crushing taxation, debauched the dollar, weakened self-confidence, shielded traitors at home and created enemies abroad, and that it has turned loose a swarm of arrogant bureaucrats and their agents who meddle intolerably in the lives and occupations of our citizens. And the climax of the arraignment was in these words, 'We charge that there has been corruption in high places and that examples of dishonesty and dishonour have shamed the moral standards of the American people.'

The paragraphs of the programme dealing with foreign policy begin by giving chapter and verse for charges that the Truman administration 'had squandered the unprecedented prestige and power which were ours at the close of the Second World War,' and that by permitting during that period more than 500 millions of non-Russian people to be absorbed into the orbit of the power of the Communist Russia, which was now proceeding confidently with its plans for the conquest of the world, the Democratic party had lost the peace so dearly earned. Credit for all the profitable accomplishments in the field of international policy since 1945 was claimed for the helpful co-operation of the Republican leaders and a rather nebulous outline of their future policy was given in these words:

'The Republican party offers in contrast to the performance of those now running our foreign affairs, policies and actions based upon enlightened self-interest and animated by courage, self-respect, steadfastness, vision, purpose, competence and spiritual faith. The supreme goal of our foreign policy will be an honourable and just peace. We dedicate ourselves to wage peace and to win it.'

General Eisenhower in public speeches and statements at press conferences has given a reasonably clear indication of his views upon international and domestic problems.

He has declared that he 'would go anywhere in the world to confer with Stalin, if he thought it would be profitable, but he could see no fruitful result from such a conference as long as the Soviet Union uses subversion, bribery, corruption and threat of force to destroy our forms of Government.' He is convinced that the loss of Western Europe would leave the United States 'in mortal danger' and advocates what he calls a 'more dynamic foreign policy' for his country. As for the Korean war, he has no definite prescription for bringing it to a decisive end, but he believes that the United Nations must stand firm, take every possible means to reduce their losses, and try to achieve an armistice on decent terms. In these pronouncements he has lived up to his reputation as a liberal internationalist.

In regard to domestic issues he has revealed himself as a conservative with an open mind, who is only slightly to the left of Senator Taft. The issue of the Truman administration's policy of Fair Employment Practices, which aims to end discrimination against the coloured people, promises to bulk large in the election, because it encounters violent opposition in the southern states and will be a decisive factor in the destination of the coloured vote, which is not negligible in a number of northern states. General Eisenhower declines to endorse the F.E.P.C. programme of President Truman, because he objects to 'its Federal compulsory nature,' but he has disappointed the advocates of racial segregation by promising his unalterable support of fairness and equality among all types of American citizens.'

'I believe,' he has said, 'that in so far as the Federal Government has any influence or any constitutional authority in this field, all of its means, all of its expenditures, all of its policies should adhere firmly and without any kind of equivocation to that principle.'

Upon tariff policy the pronouncements of General Eisenhower have been somewhat vague, but he can be classified as a moderate protectionist, who realises that, if the United States maintains extremely high barriers against imports her efforts to promote the rehabilitation of the economic and financial fortunes of her Allies and other countries will be nullified. He has avowed his keen

sympathy with the aspirations of the American workers for better terms of life, but he has also proclaimed his conviction, based upon his observations of the British scene, that the fruits of the welfare state are not all wholesome for a nation. When he started his campaign for the Republican nomination his inexperience of politics was revealed in the naïveté of some of his statements, but when he was faced with questions about issues about which he was completely ignorant, his frank admissions of his inability to answer them won applause, and correspondents who have been accompanying him say that he is rapidly transforming himself into a skilful politician.

It would be wrong to assume from the professions of amity voiced at the close of the Republican convention that the stormy contest over the Presidential nomination had not left some deep scars upon its unity. Four months ago the 'Old Guard' of the Republican party, after twenty years in the wilderness of opposition, saw a fine prospect of a recovery of power with a President of their own brand of thinking and now they have to swallow the bitter pill of seeing the nomination snatched from their favourite champion by a military interloper, whose political views were a few years ago so dubious that the Democrats were ready to welcome him as their candidate. In the end most of the politicians of the 'Old Guard' will rally with wry faces to the support of Eisenhower, but for the reconciliation of some of the 'diehards,' all the powers of diplomacy which he had to exercise as the generalissimo of international armies will be required. He will have the support of the great majority of the important newspapers of the United States, but it was ominous that only one prominent labour leader was a delegate at the Republican convention.

Eisenhower has yet to prove his competence as a political campaigner, but he starts with an immense fund of personal popularity and high prestige as a successful general. One factor in his selection as the Republicans' candidate was the result of a Gallup poll published on the eve of their convention. In it Senator Taft and Eisenhower were each matched separately against first Governor Stevenson of Illinois, who was rated the most formidable candidate available for the Democrats, and secondly against Senator Kefauver of Tennessee, who

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has collected more Democratic delegates than any rival candidate, and the poll showed the following results :

Percentages of the votes polled :

1. Stevenson 45	3. Eisenhower 59
Taft 44	Stevenson 31
No opinion 11	No opinion 10
2. Kefauver 50	4. Eisenhower 55
Taft 41	Kefauver 35
No opinion 9	No opinion 10

These figures showed in high relief that, whereas the voters who had made up their minds preferred both Stevenson and Kefauver to Taft, Eisenhower commanded, before he was nominated, much more support than either of the two Democrats. The obvious moral was that Eisenhower had a much better chance of leading the Republican party to victory than Taft had, and many of its professional politicians, while they would like to have seen in the White House a seasoned practitioner of the political game like Taft, who would abide by its rules, became adherents of Eisenhower, because they foresaw that his leadership would help them to carry local slates of candidates to victory.

But the reliability of Gallup and other polls is uncertain, and Eisenhower must reckon with a fundamental change in the political climate of the United States, which has occurred since 1932. For nearly seventy years after the American Civil War the Republicans were the dominant party in the United States and the Democrats were only able to capture the Presidency when they had a candidate of exceptional quality like Grover Cleveland or Woodrow Wilson. But in 1932 the Democrats found in Franklin Roosevelt a leader whose genius for politics and attractive personality reversed the relative positions of the two parties and transferred ascendancy to the Democrats. Not only did Roosevelt bring the great mass of the Labour vote into the Democratic fold, but he also attracted to it thousands of other voters, notably immigrants or the children of immigrants, who had no traditional ties with either of the American parties, and he won over most of the coloured voters. Moreover, he made a great appeal to the younger generation of voters and studies by the Gallup

organisation reveal that in 1948 only 38 per cent. of the voters under 30 supported the Republican party. In 1932 Roosevelt beat Hoover by roughly 7 million votes and in 1936 he produced a record majority of 11 million votes for the Democratic party. In the years since elapsed the gap between the two parties has narrowed ; it was reduced to 5 million votes in 1940, to 3.6 millions in 1944 and to 3.4 millions in 1948, if the votes cast in the southern states for 'Dixiecrat' candidates were added to those recorded for President Truman. Accordingly, authoritative political statisticians assert that for the time being the Democrats are the dominant party and the figures of registration seem to confirm this claim.

However, the Republicans, who have backed Eisenhower, think that they have provided their party with the exceptional type of candidate, who will be able to challenge successfully the ascendancy of the Democrats. But he must do much better as a vote-getter than his recent predecessors, as the records show that during the period 1928-48 the Republican party only gained an average of 30,000 votes per annum, since Governor Dewey, their candidate in 1948, polled only about 600,000 more votes than Hoover did in 1928. In 1948 12 million more voters went to the polls than in 1928, the last year in which the Republicans won the Presidency, but in 1948 President Truman secured 10 million more votes than Al Smith, the Democratic candidate, polled in 1928.

Evidence of a serious apathy about politics among a large section of the American people is visible in the fact that in 1928 and 1948 exactly the same proportion, 52 per cent., of the eligible voters took the trouble to vote and no fewer than 45.3 million Americans of voting age abstained from voting in 1948. To the Republicans this large body of non-voters seems to offer a very promising field for cultivation during the campaign, and they plan to rouse them from their apathy and convince them of the urgent need to use their ballots to end the corrupt and inefficient regime of the Democratic party before it brings the whole nation to disaster and ruin.

'Turn the rascals out' will be the chief slogan of the Republicans in the campaign, and they have in hand abundant evidence to support their charge that under the regime of President Truman honest standards of administration

were not preserved consistently, that prominent Democrats were able to make politics a very profitable business, and that the scandals exposed in the Bureau of National Revenue were only part of an epidemic of corruption which had infected many branches of the Federal Administration. They will contend that the extravagance of the Democrats has raised taxation to a ruinous level, and helped to depreciate the purchasing power of the dollar and to push the cost of living up to unprecedented heights, and they will undertake to make sharp cuts in taxes and to curb inflationary pressures; they will also allege that the Democrats in their domestic policy have taken the country far along the road to Socialism and that it is time to call a halt to this perilous descent and assure the preservation of the American system of free enterprise. They will also try to fasten upon their opponents the full responsibility for the war in Korea and blame them for the heavy toll of casualties and the imposition of the draft. And they will insist that, if the Democrats are given another lease of power, they will involve the United States in a third world war with national bankruptcy as its fruit, even if victory could be won.

The Democrats recognise freely that Eisenhower is the most formidable candidate whom their opponents could select, but they are by no means despondent about defeating him. The continuance of the high level of prosperity now prevailing in the United States until polling day is virtually assured and the Democrats will claim full credit for it. Incomes and wages are at their highest level on record and the average American, even after paying his increased taxes, has ample funds for the procurement of the necessities of life and many luxuries; unemployment is relatively small and the less fortunate classes enjoy better safeguards against poverty and hardship than ever before. When a country is highly prosperous, its voters are more disposed to condone the sins of the party in power than during hard times, and the basic appeal of the Democrats this year will be directed to fear of a change. They will invite the voters to recall the catastrophic depression which marked the last years of Republican rule under President Hoover, and will ask them if they want to take a chance on its recurrence. They will assert that their policies have given the working classes of the country the highest standard of living in their history and

the farmers the largest returns for their labours, and they will pose as a party of the people, whose basic creed is 'public good against private gain.'

They will accuse the Republicans of being the party of 'big business,' who intend to turn the clock back, restore the conditions which produced a grim depression after a tremendous boom, and wipe out the benefits of the programme of social security which Democratic administrations have carried out in the last twenty years. They will make light of the charge that they have imposed onerous taxation, and argue that the rich, who are the chief sufferers from it, are still left with large incomes. They will promise further improvements in social security and guarantee the farmers adequate prices for their products. In the field of international affairs they will claim that they have upheld in Korea the principle of collective security and that they have achieved great success in building up for western Europe effective defences against Communist aggression.

The Democratic party owed its victories since 1932 mainly to its successful appeal to labour and the farmers, and it will concentrate its efforts upon holding together this coalition, which commands enough votes to provide a majority. The estimate of certain political experts that there are to-day more than 40 million convinced Democrats in the United States and only 30 million convinced Republicans is probably exaggerated, but it fortifies the confidence of the Democratic party. Its leaders admit that it has receded in popular favour in the last two years, but they assert that they have a larger margin to work with than appears on the surface. In 1948 they won the election, despite the fact that the candidate of the Dixiecrats diverted from President Truman 39 electoral votes in the southern states and that he lost New York, because the Progressive party, headed by Mr Henry Wallace, polled in that state a larger number of votes than the majority of Governor Dewey, who would certainly never have received them. So the Democrats think that, if they can prevent a fissure in their ranks, they can carry all the southern states and also New York.

The Democratic convention, of which Chicago was also the scene, was, although some sharp controversies occurred during its course, a more harmonious gathering than its Republican forerunner and there was no repetition of the

embittered duel in the latter for the chief prize, the Presidential nomination. For it there were eleven aspirants, but all but four of them were so-called 'favourite sons,' whose claims were never regarded seriously. The real competition for it lay between Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, Senator Ester Kefauver of Tennessee, Senator Richard Russell of Georgia and Mr Averill Harriman of New York. Of this quartette Harriman, who is a *rara avis* in American politics, a multi-millionaire of very radical views, is farthest to the Left, but Senator Kefauver, who had attained nationwide eminence for his fearless exposure of the gambling and racketeering underworlds, is not far removed from him; Senator Russell, who is rated one of the ablest members of the Senate, is a typical south conservative, and Governor Stevenson can be classified as slightly left of the Centre.

The convention had not been long in progress when the ancient feud between the northern liberal and the southern conservative wings of the Democratic party boiled up, when the former, anxious to prevent a recurrence of the 'Dixiecrat' revolt of 1948, wanted to exact from all the state delegations a loyalty pledge that they would undertake to place the nominees of the party on their state ballot papers, from which certain states had excluded them in 1948. When Virginia, South Carolina, and Louisiana refused to sign this pledge, they were at first 'read out' of the convention, but eventually after a bitter debate they were reinstated by a small majority. However, when the party's programme was drafted, the northern liberals secured the insertion of a clause about civil rights and racial segregation, which satisfies the spokesmen of the coloured people and should ensure in the election their support for the Democrats and which the great majority of the southerners have accepted but with obvious reluctance. However, another open split in the party on this issue was avoided and the rest of the programme, whose general tone is reminiscent of the creed of British Liberalism in the days of Asquith and Lloyd George, was endorsed without any sharp controversy. Among other things it commits the Democratic party to persevere with the internationalist policies of Roosevelt and Truman, to pursue a liberal tariff policy, and to make further progress with social reforms and the improvement of the lot of the American workers.

The first ballot for the nomination, for which 616 votes were required, revealed that Kefauver had the lead with 350 votes, that Stevenson (273) and Russell (268) were not far behind him, that Harriman (123) was a bad fourth, and that the rest had received small complimentary votes. The second ballot saw some delegates transfer their votes from the hopeless candidates and Stevenson draw closer to Kefauver, whose poll rose to 362½. But it also produced three important developments which between them helped to decide the result. President Truman, who had hitherto been strictly neutral, let it be known that he had instructed his alternate delegate to cast his vote for Stevenson, Mr Kroll, the political director of the powerful organisation called the C.I.O., announced that all its members, numbering about 100, who were delegates had been instructed to vote for Stevenson, and Mr Harriman withdrew his name, thereby setting free the large delegation from his own state of New York, most of whom were known to favour Stevenson as their second choice.

These announcements set what is called in the parlance of American politics the Stevenson band-wagon rolling merrily along, and when on the third ballot a large drove of delegates from influential states mounted it to bring Stevenson only a few votes short of a clear majority on the initial count, Kefauver threw in his hand in a gracious speech, and after other delegations had exercised their right to switch their votes to Stevenson, he was nominated by a huge majority. Before the convention began he had intimated that he would only accept the nomination if it 'drafted him by a more or less unanimous call.' Instead of being 'drafted' he and his friends had to fight hard for his victory, but his reputation as a moderate makes him acceptable to the South and he seems to have the party well united behind him.

Governor Adlai Ewing Stevenson, who was born on Feb. 5, 1900, belongs to a family which has long been wealthy and politically prominent in Illinois. His great-grandfather, Jesse Fell, was one of Lincoln's closest advisers and his grandfather, after whom he is named, was Vice-President in the second administration of Cleveland. He had a varied education at public schools in Chicago, in Switzerland, Choate School, Princeton University, where he took his degree in 1922, and Harvard University, where he studied law, preparatory to being called to the Bar of

Illinois in 1927. He was first drawn into public service in the early days of Roosevelt's 'New Deal,' when he served on the Federal Alcohol Administration. During the Second World War he was special assistant to Mr Frank Knox, the Chicago publisher, when he was Secretary of the Navy, and he headed an economic mission to Italy. After the war he became an assistant of the Secretary of State and in 1946-47 was an alternate delegate to the General Assembly of the United Nations.

In 1948, at the suggestion of Mr James Byrnes, once Secretary of State, 'Jake' Harvey, the Democratic boss of Illinois, who needed as candidate for the governorship a liberal reformer whose high standing could offset the disrepute enveloping his political machine, persuaded with difficulty Stevenson to run and such was his popularity and skill as a vote-getter that he carried the state by the record majority of 572,000, when President Truman won its vote by only 34,000. As Governor, Stevenson has been an assiduous and successful reformer: he has reorganised the government of the state on efficient lines, dismissing useless political office holders and moving swiftly to punish delinquents discovered in his own administration, he has dealt sternly with the gambling elements in Chicago, improved the educational system and modernised the lunatic asylums. Naturally he has antagonised the victims of his reforming zeal, but he has won the confidence and gratitude of the mass of the people of Illinois.

He has a large fund of Roosevelt's personal charm and his endowment with a warm resonant voice and a gracious and confident platform manner make him a very persuasive speaker whose power of appeal on the radio and over television—the latter is now very important—is rated very high by experts. He will never countenance adventures in extreme radicalism, but he is a genuine Liberal who will consider every proposal for reform on its merits. He is also a convinced internationalist, as Eisenhower is, and would not be handicapped for international cooperation as the latter would be by isolationist elements in his own party. At the moment Eisenhower seems to have greater popularity with the American people, but if in the long debate of the three months' campaign that lies ahead Stevenson can use his advantage of much greater familiarity with the domestic problems of his country to demonstrate his superior capacity for coping with them,

he may well emerge as victor in November. At the suggestion of Governor Stevenson the Democrats have chosen as their Vice-Presidential candidate Senator John Sparkman of Alabama, who has always been counted one of the more liberal of the southern senators but was an opponent of President Truman's policy about civil rights.

The quadrennial battle for the Presidency will be the focus of the strenuous campaign, which will absorb the interest of the American people until November. But the value of victory in it will depend upon the result of the voting which will produce a new House of Representatives and fill 35 vacancies in the Senate, in which one-third of the members retire automatically every two years. In the last Congress the Democrats had a comfortable majority in the House of Representatives, but only a very narrow one in the Senate, in which they had 50 seats as against 46 held by Republicans. In every Presidential election since 1932 the party which has won the Presidency has gained control of Congress, and a landslide for Eisenhower would probably yield, as a bi-product, majorities in both houses for the Republican party. But in default of such a landslide the political experts think it will be easier for the Republicans to regain control of the lower house than of the Senate, which is the more important branch of the legislature.

It happens that out of the 35 vacant Senatorial seats the Republicans held 20 and the Democrats only 15, and more than half of the Democratic seats at stake are in Florida, Texas, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Rhode Island, all states which are normally in the Democratic column. Accordingly the Republicans are making special efforts to capture the seven more vulnerable Democratic seats and they are conceded a good chance of electing their Senatorial candidates in Connecticut, Michigan, Maryland, and West Virginia. Gains in those four states would give them a bare majority in the Senate, provided they were able to hold the 20 seats lately in their possession. But the prospects of Democratic gains in at least three states—Washington, Missouri, and Montana—are counted good. Accordingly, if General Eisenhower is elected by a small majority he may have to cope with the problem of the existence of a hostile majority in the Senate.

J. A. STEVENSON.

Art. 8.—ART FOR EVERYMAN.

1. *Art and Everyman*. A Basis for Appreciation. Margaret H. Bulley. 2 vols. Batsford.
2. *A History of the World's Art*. Hermann Leicht. Allen and Unwin.

'This work is based on the author's conviction that true discernment in matters of art—that is to say, the seeing eye—is not the monopoly of the professional, but the birthright of every man to be set at liberty and free to receive true direction.'

So states the publisher of Miss Margaret Bulley's massive and splendidly produced new work. And it can be said at once that the magnitude of this task of providing a basis of appreciation of Art for Everyman has appeared to her as a very practical and logical possibility. She has proceeded by using 840 pictures—paired usually to show a 'good' and 'bad' example of the same object or idea, and, so that these comparisons shall be honest and without prejudice, she has placed the names of the artists not with the plates but as an index at the end of each section. The text consists of notes and comments of a most copious detail. It is imperative to say now that the parts are infinitely more accessible in purpose than the whole. The size of it gets out of hand and—the task of selectivity being imposed on the reader—makes her volumes appear more complicated than they really are.

Miss Bulley declares that her work is the outcome of a lifetime of travel and experience. She significantly dedicates it to John and Mary, an average young couple, about to embark on married life together and faced with the problem of making a home for themselves, and she then goes on to hope that the books will be used.

1. As a general introduction to the art of all types, ages, and countries suited to any intelligent inquirer who has developed some power of interest of a disinterested kind. For this reason its place may well be the home ;
2. As a quarry from which the teacher, manufacturer, distributor can take as much or as little as they can use sincerely ;
3. As an assistance to those about to furnish and decorate.

4. As a testing ground for those who seek truth for its own sake.'

She ranges over all the subjects that she sees as tributary to this appreciation, and her chapter headings probably best indicate her grouping of the aspects that she thinks most significant. The sections in Volume I are General Outlook, Elements of Design, Mass, Line and Space, Light and Shade, Colour, Planning and Design Summaries, Everyman Furnishes a Room; in Volume II, Beauty, Substance, Self-Expression, Power, the Science of Art, which is a recapitulation introduced by a short discussion of 'See-er' and Seen, followed by seven tests of evaluation to clarify in the reader's mind the principles which have been laid down in the main body of the work. Volume II ends with supplements to each section in which the author quotes from an impressive range of creative artists of all kinds who have been moved to make pronouncements on artistic matters and on their own methods. This section of the book is particularly valuable for reference.

In spite of such a clear and acceptable general plan, the final impression is of confusion. It is very difficult to follow a direct line through it, and Everyman, looking for a simple, uncomplicated argument to set his feet easily in a definite direction, will be much perplexed. In its working out the plan becomes immensely complex and in some ways too much a receptacle for her professional theories. Thus it seems dogmatic—mainly by implication—in its determination to be absolute in its definition of the 'how' of comprehension. It is almost as if the principles of every work of art can be explained in text-book terms to the uninitiated, and a valid personal appreciation taught in class.

These two volumes can, of course, be said to be designed for lay class work inasmuch as they assume that, when the course is finished, the object will have been achieved, and Everyman not only taught how to begin to be appreciative, but furnished with a whole canon of the good and bad. The books will certainly be invaluable as a reference for teachers and as a source of productive ideas and method of procedure for anyone preparing class work of a general kind.

The reader already grounded in his own appreciation of art may feel that there is a lack of emphasis both on a real æsthetic and on the subtleties of creative genius in full expression—which often means flying in the face of all

tabulated laws. Miss Bulley's huge areas of primary knowledge might have been summarised to much better purpose, and used to provide a significant sense of historic perspective. Full point could have been given by the cumulative use of self-evident 'good' pictures without a contrasting bad example of the same idea or subject.

The contention that Everyman can be trained and directed to exercise the real seeing and discerning eye on objects around him and to put his observations to a practical application, is admirable. But it must surely also be contended that this can only be done initially by listing the broadest general principles in any table of commandments. Under Miss Bulley's admirable range, though, is a nagging assumption that all visual design can be drawn in under the heading of Art with the proviso that some is good and some is bad. While we admit that the defining line between the fine arts and the crafts is always fluid and almost non-definable, it is always the art that influences and enlarges the craft; and, as the artist and the designer are always working for different ends, a general æsthetic can only be applied in the broadest possible way.

The thrill of genuine æsthetic recognition need not be related in any way to an appreciation of design. The work of art can also be presumed—from an æsthetic standpoint—always to be self-contained, self-controlling, and self-sufficient. In fact, the Primavera would still be as complete in its impact if the first acquaintance was made with it in the middle of the Sahara. But all that is comprehended, in the modern sense, by design needs to be completed by supporting objects, by setting or by a functional background and association, and in nearly all cases is a part of conglomerate whole. This is not to say that creative work cannot be conceived as the result of a particular need.

Not that Miss Bulley overlooks these distinctions, but she seems to be attempting a synthesis of the two things as if, because a work of art can be said to contain the best elements of design, the product of a craft must contain the elements of a work of art, and that the day has come for a democratic middle level of creative art with only the slightest reference to the specialised aristocratic traditions of the past. Since her work aims at the widest general appeal, the dangers of this implication are correspondingly wide.

This general tendency in artistic schools becomes more and more evident in the eagerness with which the methods of the crafts have been adapted by painters—heavy outlines, flat plastic surfaces, and pure projectional or childishly simple dimensions—and, by sculptors, in the curious metal and string work of the most advanced men where material, perverted and tortured from its natural mundane uses, is stretched, twisted, attenuated, and debased in a wispy, embarrassed, callow, and, of necessity, catalogue-defined pseudo-representationalism. These volumes do not, of course, originate this attitude, but they do tend to fix it.

From the other end of the scale, the enormous improvement in the general level of design and commercial work of all kinds is another great factor in making this middle-level an artistic *status quo* for the non-specialist, possibly because of the interest of many serious artists in applied art, and certainly in large measure, because of the standard of quality set by the money available to advertising. This again has led to a tendency to regard the work of all artists—particularly if they use what can be called shock tactics—as equally important, as witness the faith with which *any* activity of Picasso is accepted. One does not deny the inevitability of experimentation and enlargement both of subject and treatment in the arts, but the need should be endemic in the artist. It should arise out of the struggle to render his personality articulate, and not from a theory set by the leader of a school. It should always be imposed by an artist on himself and should not, in any way, be analogous to the processes of the research used in industry. Otherwise it can only become an economical summary of proved facts and unfortunately, in most cases, a method of labour saving.

Few individuals are granted the dovetailed magnitude of comprehension that Miss Bulley appears to think possible to Everyman. Her methods, because of the size of her conception, and because she has a mind trained to see the significance of detail, are scientific and comparative. Because she has aimed to instruct, they are forced to operate from a moderately arbitrary standpoint. She ranges over the complete field of the visual arts, oils, drawings, sculpture, architecture, furniture, ceramics, fabrics and textiles, general design and house interiors, and

even touches on town lay-out. But, in spite of her large selection of illustrations, instances could be cited in which an example is palpably twisted to a meaning other than that the artist had in mind, and this seems to be, in most cases, where a humorous angle was being set forward. And at times, on the outskirts of Miss Bulley's solid professional approach, probably because of her comprehensiveness, one catches a horrid vision of the pert and devoted imitative knowledgeability of the School of Art, which supports so much idiosyncratic and cleverly marketed talent. As a rule, the contemporary spirit only becomes so in retrospect when the chatter of being up to date has faded. The libertinism and second-rate conception of so much modern work does not mean that it should be condemned out of hand. It also does not mean that opinion should be guarded by that curious type of critical vacuum that automatically accepts chaos created out of order and which is oblivious of so many great works that have created order out of chaos. There may also be an unacknowledged dissatisfaction with the absolute individualistic techniques, and with the diversion always offered by novelty—provided its pretentiousness is glib enough—that leads so many modern critics to emphasise the great value of a 'primitive simplicity' and to find this simplicity in works of ultra-sophistication, or non-existent technique.

Miss Bulley usually marks her contemporary material as 'good' for reasons, we suspect, of familiarity with the originators, but in many cases this does not seem sufficient. Many modern methods of approach and many of the motifs used in design have yet to prove their lasting qualities and already so much of yesterday seems gauche and ugly. The creative spirit, like so much else in our contemporary life, seems defeated at the start by an acceptance of the contraction of time that modern means of travel and communication have brought about and by the obvious power that the sensational effect gains from this lack of repose. It also is answerable for so much critical committal to the genius assumed to be in all naïveté (the Douanier Rousseau is always the peg for this) where a more reposeful assessment would surely see in it the rough, unfinished ideas and techniques and the faddy simplicity that are one form of laziness.

On one very important thing Miss Bulley is to be

congratulated whole-heartedly. She implies time and time again that real taste is a constant, and fashion merely a diversion from this, though, to one reader at least some of the more abstract examples of modern works she uses seem to contradict this. Everyman, having grasped some premise of simplicity and refinement and direct recognisable appeal, whether functional or æsthetic, might indeed wonder at some of the intricate and self-determining symbolism. Meaning that depends on personal theories can always be claimed without fear of contradiction. These abstract tendencies, spreading from the arts to the crafts and becoming eventually the motifs of applied design, have in many ways complicated Miss Bulley's task beyond elucidation. John and Mary, faced with so much conflicting data in spite of their own good sense and natural instinct for the simple, might well be excused if they live to hear their children condemn out of hand the strange artistic idiom that was once thought best for a domesticated background.

'Art and Everyman' can therefore be said to succeed where it summarises a trend, but it is doubtful if Everyman will have the application to study it as a whole or indeed if a non-specialist would ever be able to understand it. Admirers of documentation will, however, find the work admirable, and those who believe that tabulated public opinion can prove values, can never have had so much enjoyment offered to them, both in a special test carried out with a 'cross-section' of work groups, and in the comments and opinions quoted from a very large range of people, including children, of all ages, that Miss Bulley used as consultants, in her effort to obtain spontaneous expression of the good taste which she firmly believes is inherent in us all.

If the main objection to Miss Bulley's two volumes is that too much has been crowded into them, Mr Hermann Leicht can be said to have crowded too much out of his encyclopædic attempt. Here again is something designed to be palatable for Everyman, and in its efforts to be inclusive it boldly begins in pre-history and fizzles out amongst modern creative complexities, having filled itself en route with dates, schools, dynasties, epochs, and the widest generalisations. Such a vast survey must naturally adopt a superficial approach and it would probably have

given a better idea of its contents if the book had been called 'A History of Man's Creative Endeavours.' Mr Leicht is completely objective in his treatment, and the real student of art will find in concise form much historical data that cannot be found in other volumes that have a more interpretative foundation.

The illustrations are adequate but not exciting, though, since so much omission had to be, it is to no real purpose to quarrel with the selection, except to say that for a history of the world's art the choice seems a little repetitive of the pattern usually set in other compilations of this sort. Mr Leicht is the factual historian and editor rather than the critic and interpreter. There is therefore no glow in his book, and whether he is placing the cave drawings of Neanderthal man and similar pre-historic visual expression, or seeing the mysteries of the Easter Island grotesques as a high spot of art, or attempting to co-relate artistically the hieratic stone carvings of the Mayas, the jungle prolixity of Buddhist carving and temple building, or any of the later localised eruptions of the creative impulse, he presents solemnly the same flat general remarks. It may appear naïve to ask for enthusiasm and devotedness in such an objective work, but if Everyman is not made aware of the thrill that arises out of appreciation can he even apprehend the grandeur?

The facts of modern knowledge become an ever vaster accretion, and the modern method of research tends to treasure every shard it discovers. Everyman's interest is more likely to be an occupation of his leisure and it is surely of first importance that the principles of basic enjoyment should never be allowed to be hidden from his notice. But in instilling into him the idea that it is possible for him to have an all-over working knowledge of anything as vast as an Art which is interpreted on the scale of Miss Bulley's work, or ranges over all historical time as with Mr Leicht, it is obviously imperative to avoid the danger of producing superficiality that deploys enjoyment into the waste mazes of bare facts and mere family trees.

For the creative artist himself, this popularisation may bring an unfortunate awareness of audience size and the compromise that, in most cases, inevitably follows, sometimes causing him to revolt into secret personal symbolism—and no other age can have witnessed so many unfortunate

examples of this outrageous masquerade—sometimes, if personal economic pressure is also added, landing him in a stultifying commercial niche. It can never do harm, under any circumstances, to preach exacting standards of Art, to insist, at least, on a tacit deference to academic rules and, after that, to demand the proper exercise of ability inside the universe of its own intelligence. Fullness in the main is a realisation not of historic impulses but of the fulfilment of the individual, and this applies equally to the work of the artist and to the artistic consciousness of Everyman.

JOHN GIBBINS.

P.S. to NOTHING LIKE LEATHER. (*Continued from p. 511*).

down prices to his level; but this is the last remedy the wine trade thinks of applying.

A further cause of high price maintenance, this one not only illicit but frankly illegal, was disclosed by M. Pinay himself. In the course of his probe into the supply department of the army, he found in existence a number of boards, instituted under the Vichy government and officially abolished at the Liberation, still functioning and burdening the army's finances.

All such interests are naturally enemies of M. Pinay and his view of sound national economy, expressed in his words, 'Every producer and every distributor must be made to understand that he is, first and foremost, a servant of the consumer.' The lengths to which opposition to the Prime Minister's policy will go are shown by the manœuvres twice engineered by bullion merchants and exchange dealers to increase the price of gold and to lower the value of the franc on the open market. The storm will not break till later in the autumn or in the winter. M. Pinay will not give up easily. At the end of August he told the chairman of the 'Patronat français,' the very important French employers' association: 'The era of persuasion is finished. It depends on the civic sense, the comprehension, and the good will of your members to show that an era of repression is not needed.' Whether the forcible methods at his disposal can actually be put in action, should the repression hinted at be necessary, will depend on the extent to which the same virtues are found in France's National Assembly.

J. P.

Art. 9.—SEE SHELLEY PLAINER.

1. *The Shelley Legend*. By R. M. Smith and others. Scribners, 1945.
2. *An Examination of The Shelley Legend*. By Newman I. White, Frederick L. Jones, Kenneth N. Cameron. University of Pennsylvania Press, 1951.
3. *Major Byron*. By Theodore G. Ehrsam. London: John Murray, 1951.
4. *The Young Shelley—Genesis of a Radical*. By Kenneth N. Cameron. Gollancz, 1951.

A NUMBER of new books by Americans invite fresh attention to the whole question of Shelley's relations with Mary and their effect on his reputation.

First came 'The Shelley Legend,' which, although it was brought out by the most reputable of publishers in New York and won laudations from American critics, no sooner arrived in this country than it was admitted more to fog the subject than to clear it, and to prove altogether a very poor performance. Nevertheless, the book got on to library shelves, and now a book has appeared by three scholars of unquestioned soundness to correct its errors.

Better were it for that book if it had never appeared. Professor Smith and his young friends in America were not trained scholars: none had so far done any real research: they played with the gratuitous and indeed fantastic conjecture that Mary Shelley and her daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Shelley, had made deliberate use of forgeries and that their aim in doing so was to try and better Mary's reputation by blackening that of Harriet.

What had really happened was much simpler. Neither of these ladies had wanted to present the family scandals in their crudest colours: how could they? So when Dowden was entrusted by Lady Shelley with the task of writing a magisterial biography of the poet, and the requisite documents were placed at his disposal, he had to show as much courtesy as possible to Lady Shelley. He naturally wrote of Shelley, or Mary, and of Mary's father, William Godwin, in the gentlest tone possible: he said the least he could about the major scandals. But for those who wanted to face them, they were there. Matthew Arnold summed them up in the words: 'What a set! What a world!'

Mark Twain was equally uncompromising, and an English lawyer, J. Cordy Jeaffreson, put down with brutal plainness the unpleasant facts in a book he called 'The Real Shelley.' This appeared in 1885. The researches of Newman I. White threw yet more light on those scandals. He made clear what Lady Shelley had induced Dowden not to disclose: that Shelley had neither wanted to marry Mary, nor had been happy with her after he had done so.

As for the steps Mary and her daughter-in-law took towards blackening the memory of Harriet, that turns principally on a letter of Dec. 17, 1816. Shelley had hurried to London from Bath after he had heard that his wife's body had been found in the Serpentine. Then comes to Mary this letter in which he associates with prostitution the unhappy girl who had been driven to despair by his own misconduct. The letter shows Shelley himself in so nasty a light that time after time his admirers, particularly Mr Edmund Blunden and Miss Sylva Norman, have disputed its authenticity. These attempts received strong support in 'The Shelley Legend' from Mr Ehrsam, who showed very convincingly that the copy of this letter which Lady Shelley left to the Bodleian was a forgery. But there were several copies of the letter: and when in 1949 Mr Ehrsam came himself to England he went into the subject far more vigorously. The result was that on Sept. 30, 1949, he proved in the 'Times Literary Supplement' that though the Bodleian copy was a forgery, the copy in the British Museum was genuine. This moved Miss Norman, and her friend, to consternation; but he produced evidence so convincing that, in spite of her former reproaches, she was compelled at last to pay a tribute to his 'courage and honesty.'

But as a matter of fact, neither Mr Ehrsam, Miss Norman, nor Mr Blunden need ever have been quite so sure that Shelley could not have written in these terms: for all the time in the Bodleian was lying Mary's answer to that letter. Who could suppose that Lady Shelley had sent to the Bodleian a forgery of Mary's writing to lend authenticity to another forgery of Shelley's writing? Mary's letter furthermore is signed 'Your affectionate companion M. W. G.'—a signature which emphasises the scandal of her own position, the very thing which Lady Shelley preferred that people should pass over.

Mr Ehram's letters to the 'Times Literary Supplement' were but a small sample of the vigour of his new researches. For so far does he go in courage and honesty as to insist that every other item which was labelled in 'The Shelley Legend' as a forgery now proves to be genuine. This he does in his book 'Major Byron, the incredible affair of a Literary Forger.' In this book he explains how he had been first misled: he was perfectly right in saying that the *signature* of Shelley on the letter of Dec. 17, 1816, was a forgery. It was added by the forger Byron to try and win more value for a genuine letter written at a time when Shelley, if writing intimately, did not sign his letters.

Mr Ehram's whole book on the subject of the forger throws a glaring light on certain shady by-ways of literary history. With regard to Shelley, the forgeries were bought up eagerly by Mary in 1846: and such as were published produced a brilliant essay on the poet by Browning. With regard to 'Byron,' however, there is much more to say. For the 'Byron' forgeries he made are still quoted as genuine, even by Mr Quennell in his last book on Byron. The whole story of the forger who claimed to be an illegitimate son of the poet is a fascinating piece of research about an impostor who had daring and imagination to support his adroit hand.

In his contribution to 'An Examination of The Shelley Legend' Professor Cameron admits that that unfortunate book did, in spite of its errors and distortions, throw some light on this 'Byron' and on T. J. Wise as impostors, and invited more attention to Crabb Robinson and W. M. Rossetti as witnesses on the subject of Shelley. Now he has come out with a big book on Shelley's youth, a more businesslike but much less graceful counterpart to Professor Hughes' fascinating book 'The Nascent Mind of Shelley.' But this book is confined to the period in which Shelley was still living with Harriet; it is the fullest study yet made of Shelley's thoroughly morbid youth; at that time Shelley wrote not one poem of value, and much prose that was crankish. What has not yet been done is to trace the development of Shelley from this period before he was twenty-one to the magnificent work he did in his last years in Italy.

These books deal with another point of no small

importance with regard to Shelley. 'The Shelley Legend' suggested that he was a libertine.

Mr Cameron rightly argues that he was not so, but was on the other hand quite enough opposed to indiscriminate sensuality as to provide a contrast to the standards of American youth—and a good deal of European youth—to-day. It is true that 'Epipsychedion' is an idealised story of Shelley's life—and is on a transcendental plane. It is true that when he used the words 'free love' he did not mean the promiscuous unchastity which those words are used to gloss over to-day. But it is also true that he lived almost always among people of dubious reputation: that his relations with Mary were at the beginning sensationally scandalous, that he was opposed to the idea of marrying her, and that even when he married her his impassioned interest in one woman after another would have given any normal wife great cause for concern. In other words, the marriage of Shelley and Mary meant little peace or happiness for either of them, and, after a year or two, he looked for his soul's companion elsewhere.

Now it is one chief interest of Mary's work that for more than a hundred years she succeeded in keeping all this hidden. It is Newman Ivey White whose first researches showed up the truth.

Nor did the drama of Shelley's unhappiness with Mary prevent her from doing an immense work for him after his death. One has to look first at the manuscripts in the Bodleian to see how right she was in her claim to have rescued much fine poetry that was almost unintelligible.

As for Shelley's view of marriage, the fact remains that it was both ideal and unorthodox. He always hated the idea of sensual indulgence; a physical union in which there was not an ideal fusion of the whole personality (whether within marriage or outside it) was to him 'a loathsome and horrible communion' as of the living with the dead. To him the fusion of personalities when the physical interpreted the union of souls, and when there was harmony between two beings in the whole scale of their faculties, was alone sacred: if that were lost, there was no meaning in the bond of marriage, and he therefore aimed almost to the end at being free both to discard it and to satisfy anew the thirst of his whole nature for rapturous communion. It was only in the last weeks of his life that

he admitted that it had been his aim to seek in the image of woman for that which is perhaps eternal. And though by that time he had adopted from Dante and Calderón their Christian completion of platonic views of love, he did not view this in any relation to that sacramental system into which in its Anglican form he had been drawn as a youth at Eton and Oxford. That has solved the problem of marriage by regarding it as an oblation the first end of which is union with a heavenly scheme binding together family life with the hope of joy in the fusion of heart and soul with all ideals. The nearest he came to it was to plead that love's reward was in the world divine when he would find the eternal realities of beauty and delight.

Those death calls to her pale court attend her in guise more solemn and serene than when they were mere mortals. But Shelley's end, which remains for time as harrowing as it was picturesque, had for those closest to it an edge of poignancy that cut for them the very shape of life.

Those who loved him lived in the glow of his fire. To have won his affection like Harriet, Emily Hitchener, Clare Clairmont, or Emilia Viviani was to become immortal; the fame of Leigh Hunt, of Keats, of Byron, owes to their connection with him a brighter tint: as for his friends, Hogg, Peacock, Medwin, and Trelawny, these live on for us by the imprint he left upon their memories. So unusual a character, joined to a genius so transcendent, was their ideal and worship. But this was above all true of *Mary*—and true in an affecting complexity.

For Mary felt not only the loss of her husband, who ruled her existence. Her loss was embittered by remorse: she had been, with a spirit most rare, too often conventional; with a tender lover petulant and chill; Trelawny wrote to Clare that she was not a suitable companion for Shelley, that she did not understand or appreciate him, and that Harriet must have been more suitable as a wife.* This was, as we have seen, probably true. But his death not only filled his widow's heart with a thousand regrets, it added to them the complexities of their story. She owed her hopes of maintenance to his family; her son was the heir to their title and estates. But they were not likely

* Letter of April 3, 1870, printed for private circulation only.

to alter their view that her connection with her husband had been regrettable. After all, she had begun relations with him on terms to which the law could give no other name than adultery; and she would never have married him had this not led his wife to such misery that she drowned herself.

Now Mary was by nature a mixture of the unconventional and normal. Her father had begun as a non-conformist minister: her step-mother had brought her up to a constrained propriety; but she had had to fight with the knowledge that her own heterodox mother was living in intimacy with her father before they were married after bearing a child to a man she had never married at all. She herself had gone as far as her mother when she flung herself in a frenzy at a married man in St. Pancras' Churchyard, when this man's wife was expecting a second baby; and society had never forgiven her. How could it? Unless for the Gisbornes and Hunts, she had hardly ever made a friend whose reputation was not stained.

And how can any woman at all normal live in so dubious a position without heart-searchings? When her children had died, her bitterness had been indescribable; she had had a physical revulsion from Shelley; this, in turn, had tortured him; it may have led him to take more laudanum.

There was only one way for her to make her remorse endurable. It was to dedicate herself to making everything to do with him ideal; while she gave his poems to the world, she must depict him as a paragon.

She voiced her sorrow in her diary, in letters, and in poems, and these are the most touching things she ever wrote. She loved him as a ghost, as she had never loved him in flesh and blood. Not for nothing had she written 'Frankenstein' and 'Valperga': but as a novelist she was in Trelawny's phrase but 'a hurricane in petticoats' * compared to what she wrote of her lost husband:

'He is to them,' said Mary, 'as a bright vision whose radiant trail left behind in the memory is worth all the realities that society can afford. Before the critics contradict me, let me appeal to those who had once known him; to see him was to love him; and his presence, like Ithuriel's spur, was alone

* Trelawny: 'Letters,' p. 127.

sufficient to disclose the falsehood which his enemies whispered in the ear of the ignorant world.

His life was spent in the contemplation of nature, in ardent study, or in acts of kindness and affection. He was an elegant scholar and a profound metaphysician. Without possessing much scientific knowledge, he was unrivalled in the justness and extent of his observations on natural objects, he knew every plant by its name, and was familiar with the history and habits of every production of the earth; he could interpret without a fault each appearance in the sky, and the varied phenomena of heaven and earth filled him with deep emotion. He made his study and reading-room of the shadowed copse, the stream, the lake, and the waterfall, till ill-health and continual pain preyed upon his powers, but when in health his spirits were buoyant and youthful to an extraordinary degree.*

Such was the impression which Mary gave the world, as she brought out the incomparable poems; and when in 1839 she published a full edition with copious personal notes, the effect was no longer scandal. It was admiration. That was the final impression, and Mary in him vindicated herself. The prose in which she introduced his poetry was not unsuited to it; it attained her end. When she died in 1851, the fame of Shelley was secure, and her task was committed to her son's wife, who was naturally forced to make Mary and her family assume a virtue when they had it not.

Since Medwin had already produced a vague and inaccurate biography, the first affair with which they had to deal was the publication of the bogus letters from 'Byron': they were written in a calligraphy which experts could not easily detect as forgeries, and on paper with old watermarks. When this task was done, there came in turn the memoirs of Peacock, of Hogg, and of Trelawny. Each followed Medwin in paying its eloquent tribute to the beauty of Shelley's character. Each outlined with convincing particularity a young man self-denying, ingenuous, ardent, pure, chivalrous, courteous, naïf, and true to his celestial genius. 'He was idolized by his friends,' said Leigh Hunt, 'studious, temperate, of the gentlest life and conversation, and willing to have died to do the world a service. I can never mention his name without a transport of joy and admiration.' Byron, who was not given

* Preface to 'Posthumous Poems' (1824).

to sentimental judgments, summed up the feeling of Shelley's friends when he said to John Murray: 'You were all brutally mistaken about Shelley who was, without exception, the best and least selfish man I ever knew.'

The fascination of Shelley, however, is not his excellence but his *complexity*. His story grips us with its alternations of comedy, passion, and horror; and though in his poetry we see the fragrance, brilliance, and evanescence of an azalea:

For he, like a horticultural adept
Stole a strange seed,

yet all the time there is a flaw. As he wanted charity without faith, and ecstasy without piety, so he wanted society without law. 'The blending in him of a pure and earnest purpose with moral and social theories that could not but have proved pernicious to mankind at large produced at times an almost grotesque mixture in his actions no less than his verse,' says John Addington Symonds. And even this is not the whole truth, for there was in him an element of lawlessness and pride which indulged his errors of judgment. This resulted in agony, and to some extent in failure, and it is this which gives Shelley his most poignant appeal. At the same time, it explains the hostility of contemporary critics.

Among these, Southey spoke of him with contemptuous sorrow and evident aversion mingled with his pity. Coleridge answers this by saying that it arose entirely from the frightful reports he received of Shelley's character and conduct. For though the reports were exaggerated, they were to the strict and regular Southey rendered plausible by Shelley's own wild words and hatred of hypocrisy.* But Coleridge did not disapprove.

Others found Shelley's slenderness distasteful. To the robust Carlyle, he was 'a kind of ghastly object like a ghost trying to sing.' 'Yon man Shelley,' he said again, 'was just a scoundrel and ought to have been hanged.'† In gentler mood, he described him as 'a man infinitely too weak for the solitary scaling of the Alps which he undertook in spite of the world.' And this is not really different

* Carlyle: 'Reminiscences,' p. 325.

† White: 'Shelley,' pp. 413, 420.

from what Shelley confessed of himself, that his love was masked in desolation, his power girt with weakness, and that

he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,

With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness, while his raging thoughts preyed upon the mind which had engendered them.*

From time to time these defects provoke impatience and resentment. Principal Shairp regarded him as lacking in moral fibre or true spirituality: Ruskin, who called him shallow, verbose, morbid, and prone to sickly musing, felt his influence was baneful.† Kingsley accused him of preaching the worship of uncleanness.‡ Mr T. S. Eliot has, in one mood, found him 'humourless, pedantic, self-centred, and sometimes almost a blackguard.'§

Matthew Arnold felt that the word for the milieu he chose was *sale*, which being translated is *nasty*.||

But a good deal more has been said on the other side. Coleridge had the highest view both of his genius and his heart.¶ Wordsworth, after earlier doubts, admitted he was the greatest master of them all in workmanship of style.**

Meredith compared him to his own lark soaring and singing:

See'st thou a skylark whose glistening winglets ascending
Quiver like pulses beneath the melodious dawn,
Deep in the heart-soaring distance of heaven, it flutters;
Wisdom and beauty and love are the treasures it brings down
at eve. ††

'Coleridge,' said Swinburne, with some exaggeration, 'in a life more than twice the length of his disciple's did not a twentieth of the good done by Shelley.'‡‡

William Butler Yeats pays a tribute to his metaphysical

* 'Adonais.'

† Ruskin: 'Works,' 1912, I, 457; IV, 297; V, 386; VI, 227.

‡ White: 413, 420.

§ Eliot: 'The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism,' pp. 83-84.

|| Arnold: 'Essays on Criticism.'

¶ Hogg: 'Shelley' (1858), II, 45.

** Grosard: III, 463, 503.

‡‡ Meredith: 'The Poetry of Shelley.'

‡‡ Butler: 'Chambers Encyclopædia of English Literature,' III, 112.

insight, saying that he looked upon thought as a condition of life in generation, and believed that the reality is something other than thought.* The tribute of Mr Alfred Noyes is yet more generous: 'He communicated the most vital belief in God that had been held by any master of literature with the sole exception perhaps of Milton.'†

Browning made eloquent references to him in his poetry, and gave him the name of Aprile in 'Paracelsus' to speak the last words about the inmost lore of love.

But no tribute is so eloquent as the forty-three stanzas on Shelley which James Thomson brought out in 1861—and where he is

A voice of right amid the world's foul army,
A voice of hope amidst the world's despair,
A voice instinct with most melodious song,
As hardly until then had thrilled the air
Of this gross underworld wherein we fare:
With heavenly inspirations, too divine
For souls besotted with earth's sensual wine.

All powers and virtues that ennoble men,
The hero's courage and the martyr's truth,
The saint's white purity, the prophet's ken,
The high unworldliness of ardent youth,
The poet's rapture, the apostle's ruth,
Informed the song; whose themes all things above
Was still the sole supremacy of Love.

So much for his poetry.

And there is still his prose.

'Of serene and impetuous temper,' says Trelawny, 'variety of knowledge, tenacious memory, command of language or rather of all the languages of literature, he was a most subtle critic.'

'He was a matchless translator,' says Richard Garnett, 'and his prose is not more distinguished by fine insight into high matters than by sound commonsense in ordinary things.' ‡

Yet in spite of what he was and achieved, we cannot say he satisfies us as Dante or Racine, or even as Wordsworth does. The reason surely is that everything which raises

* Yeats: 'Essays' (1924), p. 103.

† Noyes: 'Some Aspects of Modern Poetry' (New York, 1924), pp. 15-16.

‡ D.N.B., XVIII, 39.

normal man higher than his sublimest faculties by that overflow of the divine which Dante knew as grace, and which is the saving grace of ordinary people, Shelley abandoned in favour of poetry. He never attained that faith in one divine redemption which replaces the individual's guilt or rightness by the divine power in which he trusts.

Yet it would be inaccurate to describe Shelley as a poet who owes nothing to Christianity. The silver arrows which precede its dawn are keen on his horizon; he welcomes its gentleness, tenderness, graciousness. Above all, he adores the same Spirit of Love and Beauty, and worships His universal presence.

In the contumacy of his early youth, Shelley indeed mocked at the Christ, just as he then failed in good taste by descending too vividly to erotic frenzies. But his spirit was noble enough to learn from later opportunities: and taking his poems at their best, they—far from being discordant with religion—edify it by insistence not only on its metaphysics but on essentials which the prosaically pious miss. He sees in the outgoings of morning and evening the invitation to praise. He looked for a religion to permeate and regulate all classes; he seeks, and occasionally finds 'the spirit of love felt everywhere.'

'We cannot credit,' says the Catholic Francis Thompson, 'that any Christian ever had his faith shaken by reading Shelley, unless his faith were shaken before he read Shelley.*' The means by which he rose to worship were love and beauty and delight, of which the ideals are immortal. But his peculiar gift is to interpret spirit through air, clouds, lightnings. 'To his ethereal vision,' says Francis Thompson, 'the most rarefied mental or spiritual music traced its beautiful and corresponding forms in the land of outward things. He stood there at the very junction of the visible and invisible.'

Browning, who made his own poetry a defence of the faith, likewise viewed Shelley's as 'a sublime fragmentary essay towards a presentment of the correspondency of the Universe to Deity, of the Natural to the spiritual and of the actual to the ideal.'

ROBERT SENCOURT.

* F. Thompson, III, 35.

Art. 10.—'THE TIMES,' 1912-1948.

THE fourth and final volume of 'The History of The Times,' dealing with the years 1912 to 1948 and entitled 'The 150th Anniversary and Beyond' (Office of 'The Times'), brings to an end the most remarkable newspaper history in existence. So comprehensive is the scale of this last volume that it is divided into two separately bound parts and runs to nearly 1,200 pages. The whole history has taken twenty years to write, and once more in this volume the anonymous author tells us that it is a history of 'The Times' and not a history of the times.

As, however, there is nothing that interests this country or affects its welfare which comes outside the scope of 'The Times,' the history is indeed a general one, seen, so to speak, through the windows of Printing House Square. Every good history must have some point of view from which to see events and it would be difficult to find a better one than P.H.S.

This last volume might be likened to a geological section consisting of alternating strata of firstly 'The Times' and Foreign Affairs, secondly 'The Times' and Home Affairs outside P.H.S., and thirdly 'The Times' in P.H.S. The two former strata will be most useful to students of the period and of great interest to the ordinary educated reader, but, of course, foreign and home affairs in the period have been dealt with again and again in many volumes.

The third stratum is unique and has never been fully described before in any book. It might well be sub-titled *The Egotist*, for between 1912 and 1922 the figure of Northcliffe dominates everything and everyone. Between 1912 and 1914 he saved 'The Times' from bankruptcy and restored it to prosperity. Between 1919 and 1922 he almost destroyed it, and one may shudder to think what would have happened if he had lived longer.

The chapters dealing with Northcliffe make a fascinating character study; his restless genius, his Napoleonic (or Hitlerian) conviction of the infallibility of his own intuitions, his unpredictable impulses, his obstinacy and ruthlessness when opposed, his transient friendships and bitter enmities, his courage and his flair for what the public really wanted, the steady overclouding of his brilliance, in later years degenerating into megalomania

and stark madness—all go to make the strange composition of 'the greatest figure that ever strode down Fleet Street.'

A. G. Gardiner of the 'Daily News' genially called him in 1914 'the poisoner of the streams of human intercourse, the fomentor of war, the preacher of hate, the unscrupulous enemy of human society'—but A.G.G., though given to heavy pontification, was not as infallible as he seemed to think himself.

When Northcliffe gained control of 'The Times' in 1908, he went to it under promise to behave, so to speak, like a constitutional sovereign, to advise, to exhort, or to warn, but not actively to rule. By 1912 that phase had passed entirely, and he had become the complete autocrat, interfering in everything and openly boasting of his 'ferrets' and spies in the office—a lamentable break with old 'Times' traditions. He scorned no device nor stratagem to rid himself of the 'Old Gang' of scholars and journalists at P.H.S. who dared to resist him. He exhorted, plagued, or persecuted his staff; he made new appointments and secured new dismissals; his telegrams from abroad, whether demanding a light leader or promising 'to give you all hell when I get back,' descended in shoals on editors and assistants. He soon ousted George Buckle, and when after some years he realised that Geoffrey Dawson was a man of firm character and will who would not be entirely subservient, he determined to get rid of him, and so made Dawson's life a burden till he resigned in 1919. His successor Mr Wickham Steed went through the same process, and would assuredly have been pushed out if Northcliffe himself had not died.

No one suffered more than Mr John Walter, the last survivor of the old family tradition at P.H.S. He was faced with the dreadful dilemma of either selling his remaining shares to Northcliffe and thus doing away with the last check on his (Northcliffe's) caprices or enduring a life deliberately poisoned by him. His patience was worn down and finally in June 1922 he sold the shares to Northcliffe, and with them went the option of repurchasing them and all the other Northcliffe shares on Northcliffe's death. If only he could have foreseen that two months later Northcliffe would actually be dead, how many difficulties would have been avoided. As it happened, all

depended on whether Northcliffe's 1919 will, in which the option was included, still stood or whether it was superseded by a 1922 will. Finally the will question was settled by consent—the option stood and Walter had his chance, but where was the money to come from?

This part of the story is almost as good as a thriller, with the plans and counter-plans, the secret negotiations and the tactics of the various parties wanting to acquire control: Rothermere and Astor, Birkenhead, Ellerman, Lloyd George, and even Zaharoff. Finally only Lord Rothermere and Colonel John Astor were left in the running and the great tussle began. Luckily the chief influence and manager behind the scenes was the very able and determined Sir Campbell Stuart—and he was anti-Rothermere. Thus the ship of 'The Times' at last reached calm water and haven, flying the flag of John Astor and John Walter. True friends of 'The Times' perhaps hardly realise what they owe to Colonel Astor's courage and foresight in rescuing the paper by what might have been such an enormous and costly gamble. Luckily reward came in renewed prosperity.

The period covered by these volumes began with Home Rule and the bitter fight in Parliament which it caused, including the preparations for armed resistance in Ireland itself. 'The Times' stood solidly against Home Rule though agreeing to some form of devolution. Then came the 1914-18 war, and in the winning of that quite definitely and with no concessions to pacifists Northcliffe, Dawson, and 'The Times' were resolute and unflinching in aim, though Northcliffe's violent attacks on Kitchener and Asquith's government made the methods sometimes questionable. With the end of the fighting came Northcliffe's personal quarrel with and bitter vendetta against Lloyd George, the true reasons for which readers may gather from these volumes. Northcliffe was absolutely determined to bring down Lloyd George and his coalition. If he had lived a few weeks longer he would have seen this accomplished. One might play with the fantasy of Northcliffe's spirit looking down from another world on that hot August day when his body in its coffin, covered by a gorgeous pall, was carried out of Westminster Abbey for burial after a service attended by representatives of royalty and the highest authorities in the State, and thousands

of lesser people. The war was won, the hated government was tottering to its fall, the tremendous power of the Press was exerting its influence everywhere—would the spirit of Northcliffe consider this the supreme culmination of a remarkable, purposeful, and successful career, or only another example of Vanity of Vanities?

The remainder of the inter-war years, though including the General Strike of 1926 (when 'The Times' alone of newspapers managed to appear every day, even though in much attenuated form) and much industrial and political strife, the vast problem of unemployment and the first two Labour Governments, was really of greater importance in foreign and Empire and Dominion affairs. Mention, however, must be made of the Abdication, in which 'The Times' played a dignified and restrained part. An appendix in this volume is devoted to the subject and is more truly informative than Lord Beaverbrook's much discussed broadcast.

No journalist before Northcliffe or since has ever brought so formidable an engine of publicity to bear upon political events and personalities. He was at all times ready to stand up to uninstructed public opinion. But it is obvious that a man with such a character and such abilities would not bring peace and quiet to P.H.S. In fact, there was often storm and tempest. After his death and the resulting struggle for the ownership of 'The Times,' tranquillity returned to P.H.S., but not to the larger world outside. In old days much of the unique influence and standing of 'The Times' came from its foreign editors and correspondents. Donald Mackenzie Wallace, Valentine Chirol, George Saunders, Wickham Steed, and Harold Williams were all outstanding men who knew Europe and its problems intimately. Geoffrey Dawson's interests were primarily in the wider field of Empire and Commonwealth, and his personal knowledge of European politics was strictly limited, though his general principles of fair play for all, and that everyone must be credited with some decent reaction to moral principles until the contrary was proved, directed all his policy. That gentlemanly feeling and the conviction that there were obvious injustices in the Versailles Treaty unfortunately steered him into the wrong road with regard to Germany, pursued too far, long after it had been proved

that no moral principle had any power with Hitler. In this wrong road he and his assistant and subsequent successor Robert Barrington-Ward were accompanying the Government of the day. Hence the story told in the chapter ominously entitled *Appeasement* 1933-38.

This must have been a most difficult chapter for the anonymous author, with his loyalty to the paper and its editor, to write, but he has been honest, outspoken, and fair, though there is no doubt what his own feelings are.

'To assist a Government of whatever complexion to find a national policy had become one of the important functions of "The Times." This, however, is a function that was not performed, as Dawson and Barrington-Ward endeavoured, by simply advocating half measures on every occasion, or sitting on the fence and softening rearmament into "re-equipment" or "the thorough organisation of British resources." It was essentially a positive task, and it demanded in the thirties both a sense of history strong enough to relate the circumstances of the day to those of the past, and to distinguish permanent national interests from temporary party expedients, and a broad enough view of contemporary politics to enable "The Times" to indicate in what direction history was tending. . . . "The Times" like Ministers, the country generally, and the Commonwealth were all unwilling to face the hard fact that peace is not to be had by peoples who allow their ministers and their newspapers to tell them that it can be had without an industrial and financial effort only less burdensome than war itself. But this was precisely what the British nation insisted on. The British Prime Minister and his party Whips and "The Times" were convinced that in the existing state of opinion in the constituencies emphasis on defence was impolitic. "The Times" was sure that to let Labour in must make matters worse. In sum, therefore, Printing House Square, like the Government, was helpless in the face of an apparently isolationist Commonwealth and a pacifist Britain.'

'The Times' was definitely but mistakenly pro-German and years of difficulty with France had done nothing to lessen this.

1912 to 1948. In all our long history has any period of 36 years been so important and seen so varied a series of events? Certainly no period of which a public day-to-day record, which only a newspaper can give, has been kept. These years saw two world wars, the Peace of Versailles,

Home Rule, and the final independence of Eire, the general strike, the Abdication of King Edward VIII, the Statute of Westminster and changes in the Imperial and Commonwealth partnership, the partition of India, the formation of Pakistan and the making of a new Indian Republic, the first three Labour Governments, and the striking growth of the power of the Trade Unions, not to mention the world-wide changes in the ideas of distance caused by the development of air travel and wireless communication—all coming within the scope of interests of 'The Times.' Printing House Square itself can provide a remarkable series of portraits: the brilliant, wayward, megalomaniac Northcliffe, always claiming the limelight, and his antithesis in so many ways, Colonel John Astor, who never seeks the limelight but is in fact the greatest benefactor that 'The Times' (and consequently its readers) has had in this century; Geoffrey Dawson, an example of the best product of Eton and Oxford, in many ways a typical English gentleman of combined intellectual and country tastes, too much of a gentleman fully to understand or to cope with the Nazi mind, an easily forgiven failing, if indeed failing it be; Wickham Steed, of different background but of immense Continental experience and skill, perhaps better suited to be foreign editor than editor of 'The Times' but hardly able to show his best in those difficult Northcliffe years 1919-22; Robert Barrington-Ward, of the Dawson type, but with less recreational and recuperative tastes outside his work and wearing himself to death in the service of 'The Times'; and then those other great 'Times' figures, Valentine Chirol, Donald Mackenzie Wallace, Harold Williams, John Woulfe Flanagan, George Murray Brumwell, William Lints Smith, Christopher Shotter Kent, and many others, some hardly known outside P.H.S., others very well known, and all good servar's of that unique institution 'The Times.'

The author (or should it be authors?) of this work is to be congratulated on a notable achievement and a very valuable contribution to history.

JOHN MURRAY.

Art. 11.—OIL AND THE MUSLIM WORLD.

FROM north-west Tibet on the Kashmir border a broad belt of Islam including Afghanistan, Persia, Iraq, Turkey, and Egypt stretches along North Africa to the Atlantic. These countries with Indonesia and its seventy millions of people, Malaya, Arabia, and Pakistan make up with their population of two hundred and fifty millions the greater part of the Muslim world. Indian Muslims and the Muslims of China and Soviet Russia may be left out of account. They have no independent existence.

The Persian Gulf is the geographical centre of the Muslim world and strategically of the first importance for the defence of the Middle East. In both world wars the Allies were able, mainly by using the Indian Army, to beat off attempts by the enemy to invade India and Afghanistan, and what was equally essential to deny to him the oil of the countries adjacent to the Gulf.

Dark clouds, threatening war, obscure the northern horizon in the Middle East; the fate of the world may depend on whether the Persian Gulf can be securely held. The position there has deteriorated since 1945 as a consequence of the British withdrawal from India. The Western World can no longer rely on the splendid Indian Army and the resources of the country. Our great strategic base in the Indian Ocean has gone.

The Indian Republic proclaims its intention to remain neutral should war break out. In any case the military position in the sub-continent has been greatly weakened as a consequence of the Chinese invasion of Tibet and the chaotic conditions brought about in Nepal by Indian intervention.

Russia, it is hardly necessary to comment, would only respect India's neutrality as long as it suited her to do so. The Kremlin doubtless views with malicious pleasure the quarrel over Kashmir which makes it impossible for Pakistan and India to stand together in opposing an invasion from the north. If they did so, in close co-operation with the West, they should be able to defend their frontiers, perhaps even to make a contribution to the defence of the Gulf. Militarily, Indonesia, thanks to internal troubles, hardly comes into the picture.

The loss of India as a military base has greatly weakened

the prestige of the Commonwealth in the Middle East. That is a serious matter : still more damaging to its position in that part of the world is the storm of criticism and hatred directed against it by the Arab States, arising from the part played by Britain in the evolution of the Jewish State of Palestine. Public opinion throughout the Muslim world supports the Arabs. It is true that the U.S.A. is considered to be mainly responsible, but Arabs think that Britain as the Mandatory Power could, if she had wished, have stood up effectively against Jewish aggression. Had she done so the ghastly tragedy of nearly a million Arabs being driven from their homes into the desert, would have been avoided.

Not only the British Commonwealth but the West generally have lost much of the respect and confidence they once inspired in Muslim countries. This is seen, for example, in Egypt. Another case in point is the bitter feeling against the French, both in Morocco and Tunis, caused by the difficulties they are making in the matter of political reforms in those countries. The resentment felt by the latter at the concession by the French of air-bases to the Americans in Morocco adds to the irritation. The Americans share the opprobrium. As already observed, they are looked on by the Arabs as mainly responsible for the planting of a deadly enemy in Palestine, the strategical centre of the Arab world. Rightly or wrongly, Muslim opinion holds that it was British and American intervention that led the Security Council to refuse to take up the case of Tunis and Morocco against the French.

There is little doubt that the ill-feeling felt throughout the Muslim world against the West for not using its influence to promote Muslim interests has had much to do with the troubles the British have had to face over oil in Persia and in the matter of the Suez Canal and the Sudan with Egypt.

Would the Persian and Egyptian Governments have thrown down the gauntlet to the British Commonwealth if the latter had been able to rely on the moral support of the Muslim world.

At the core of the problem lies oil. That is the magnet that attracts aggression. Half the oil of the world, perhaps even more, is owned by Muslim countries. The Atlantic

Treaty countries depend on oil from this source : without it Pakistan and India would be militarily impotent ; so would the Arab countries.

Let us glance at the oil position in the Middle East and beyond. Far away to the east is the Sultanat of Brunei in a tiny island off north-west Borneo. It is a British protectorate with a population of 41,000. Producing two million tons of oil a year, it stands next to Trinidad as the most important oil-producing centre of the British Empire. The state is Muslim. It derives from oil royalties a revenue that would keep every family in the island in comfort. Oil is produced in the neighbouring British colony of Sarawak. Indonesia has important oil resources : two million tons were exported from Sumatra in 1950 ; Americans are interested here. An exception to Muslim ownership of oil in Asia are the great Burma oilfields at present more or less out of action ; another is the small field in Assam, in India. So far as is known at present, Pakistan has no important oil resources : the Attock fields produce only about a third of the country's requirements. There are other possibilities now being explored. There is oil in the neighbourhood of Herat in Afghanistan, but not apparently in sufficient quantities to justify a pipeline to the Arabian Sea. A wave of political insanity has swept the great Persian oilfields based on Abadan out of action, depriving the world oil market of thirty million tons a year.

Iraq, unlike her neighbour, has maintained her political balance. By a fifty-fifty agreement with the Iraq Petroleum Company which works the oilfields in the Basrah neighbourhood and at Musul and Kirkuk in the north she will draw 40% millions annually from royalties and the profits of oil. How this is to be utilised will be referred to later.

Adjoining Iraq in the west at the head of the Gulf is the independent Shaikhdom of Kuwait under British protection. This small desert State with a population of 150,000 people will receive this year a revenue of about 20% millions from oil, enough to maintain every family in the land in, for them, incredible luxury. Payments from the operating companies will ultimately rise to 50% million. A good deal is being done to improve conditions of life in the country, for example in providing drinking water by

distillation. It may be possible to bring in water from the Euphrates, both for domestic purposes and for irrigation. There are practically no resources to develop.

South of Iraq is the coastline of Saudi Arabia, the outlet, until a pipe-line was constructed across the desert to Sidon in the Lebanon, for the oil produced by the great Arab-American Oil Company (ARAMCO for short). Oil royalties paid to the Saudi Arabian Government in 1950 amounted to 25*l.* millions; with the new agreement for sharing the profits the payment by the company will soon approach 50*l.* millions.

The small Shaikhdom comprised in the Qatar peninsula, like its neighbours, has come into a fortune from oil. Developments have not proceeded to the same extent as in Kuwait; the five millionth ton was, however, shipped in May last. Here again 8,000 square miles of desert offers little scope for economic progress. The population is only 16,000. Qatar, too, is a British protectorate.

Just north of Qatar in the Gulf lies the tiny island of Bahrain, like Qatar and Kuwait under British protection. The population is 105,000; the profit to the Ruler from oil is about 1*l.* million.

Egypt is neither racially nor geographically part of the Arab world. Nevertheless, because of her propinquity to the Arabian peninsula, and from the fact that her language is Arabic and that she has close political associations with the Arab countries, she is regarded as one of them and as such part of the Middle East. There is an important oilfield in Egypt in the north-east operated by the Anglo-Egyptian Company; it produces about two million tons a year, nearly sufficient for the country's requirements. There are prospects of oil developments in the Negib across the Suez Canal. To the other Arab countries the Lebanon, Syria, and the Yemen nature has denied the gifts of oil she has so prodigally conferred on their neighbours.

As will have been seen, oil in the Middle East is owned entirely by Muslim countries, though its exploitation is in Western hands. Half at least is in American control. There has been a great expansion in production in the last year and the gap in supply caused by the shutting down of the Abadan installations has been made good from Iraq, the Shaikhdoms, and Saudi Arabia.

Comments on an earlier page have made it clear that

access to Middle East oil is essential to Western defence ; if Pakistan and India are to survive they too must be able to rely on supplies from that quarter. It is almost superfluous to remark that should the Kremlin gain control of the Middle East, as she would almost certainly attempt to do on the outbreak of war, it might mean the end of Western civilisation.

Defence measures can be made effective only if the Muslim and Western worlds come closely together. It is not a question of using force. The problem is to win Muslim friendship, to convince Muslims that the West, apart from its concern to put up a barrier against aggression in the Middle East, is genuinely anxious to promote Muslim interests, to settle difficulties in which both the West and Muslims are involved, and to help, if so desired, in solving other Muslim problems in which the West is not directly concerned.

Here we have an outstanding challenge to Western diplomacy. Will it respond ? Obviously the U.S.A. and the Commonwealth must work hand in hand to clear the ground for the final contest. The first obstacle to be removed is the problem of the Arab refugees from Palestine. That this unhappy affair should have been allowed for so long to undermine British and American relations with the Arabs is almost incredible. Money has been voted, but not spent. There is little hope of the displaced persons being allowed to return. Nearly half of them are living in unspeakable misery in the aridity of Jordan, half frozen in winter and stricken by heat in the summer, half starved in addition ; another vast mass is exposed to similar miseries in the Egyptian-owned strip of Gaza adjoining Israel. Others have found refuge in the Lebanon and Syria. A comprehensive scheme of rehabilitation should be carried out. The majority of these unfortunate creatures are agriculturists and should, one would have thought, be welcomed in undeveloped countries. Take Iraq, for example. The five-year development plan in that country comprises vast irrigation schemes to bring into cultivation millions of acres. The Iraqis cannot carry it out unaided. Unfortunately they are not holding out a welcoming hand to the refugees. Experts think Syria might take a quarter of a million or so of them and settle them on lands to be irrigated from the Orontes. Jordan

and the Lebanon would accommodate a fair number. Ultimately it should not be difficult to find land for the peasant element ; there will be trouble, however, in settling the middle class and lower-middle class people. They include professional people, officials, merchants, and so on, many of them trained under the British regime and for that reason more efficient than members of the same class in other Arab countries. When big development schemes are started room might be found at least for some of them.

The cost of rehabilitation must, of course, be borne by the West. Its moral responsibility for so doing is beyond question. One could not fairly expect Arab countries to contribute from their oil resources ; that money should be spent on their own schemes. The West should also accept responsibility for the payment of compensation to the Arabs who lost their lands and other property when driven out by the Jews. This should of course ultimately be recovered from the latter. A Public Commission put the amount due at 120½ millions ; the Arabs say it is much larger. In all fairness compensation should be paid to those who lost their occupations. The Arabs stand in dread of further Jewish encroachments : a Western guarantee would reassure them. Less pressing differences between Arab and Jew could be smoothed out later.

It is beyond question that Pakistan is the most powerful and influential State in the Muslim world to-day. Her ruling classes make no claim to leadership in Islam ; the Pakistan Government is nevertheless playing an outstanding part in Muslim world politics. They have championed the cause of Tunis and Morocco against the French ; of the Arabs against the Jews ; they have given moral support to Egypt in her claim to the Canal Zone. At one time there was some talk of their offering to mediate between Britain and Persia. They recently planned a conference of Muslim Prime Ministers to be held in Karachi. In most cases the invitation has been accepted. In other matters they have closely identified themselves with world Islam. With such a background Pakistan carries weight in Muslim counsels ; the support of her statesmen is essential to the West in its relations with Muslim Powers.

But if the West is to have Pakistan on its side, the Commonwealth and the U.S.A. must make a joint effort

to settle the quarrel between Pakistan and India over Kashmir. Opinion generally in Pakistan regards British and American apathy as largely responsible for the failure of the Security Council to deal effectively with the matter : it is thought that American indifference is to be explained by their reluctance to antagonise India, lest by doing so they should weaken a barrier against Communist aggression in South-East Asia. Let the West get the Kashmir imbroglio out of the way and it will have Pakistan with it in its efforts to compose its differences with the Muslim world. What a splendid contribution it would make to world peace if it could go still further and bring India and Pakistan together.

It is now a matter of urgency that the U.S.A. should reshape her policy as regards the Muslim world. So far she has been inclined to stand apart from Britain in that diplomatic field : outworn prejudices against colonisation and the imperial system have been allowed too much scope in influencing American political thought, with unfortunate results on her policy in the Middle East. Had there been a complete understanding between the Commonwealth and the U.S.A. in their relations with Middle Eastern countries it is more than likely that many of the troubles now facing them there might have been avoided. As the 'New York Times' commented a few months ago when discussing international relations, 'the most important question is where does the U.S.A. really stand in relation to the Middle East.'

With the Kashmir problem solved and Pakistan firmly on the side of the West the next move should be directed to the solution of the dispute between Arabs and Jews on the terms suggested in an earlier paragraph. Here the good offices of Turkey might be sought.

With the Pakistan troubles cleared the Arab countries would be prepared to consider the question of the defence of the Middle East. The countries concerned are Iraq, Saudi Arabia, the Shaikhdoms in the Gulf, Syria, the Lebanon, Egypt, and the Yemen. (That India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, and Indonesia are also involved is another matter.) The whole-hearted co-operation of the Arabs will not be forthcoming as long as the troubles in Tunis and Morocco influence Muslim opinion. These troubles, if anything, count for more with the Arabs than Egyptian

grievances and Persian oil. It is imperative that they should be got out of the way. Some form of compromise which, while giving the people practical control of their destinies, would maintain the French protectorate for a term of years as a safeguard against disorder, possibly under the supervision of the United Nations, might meet the case.

It may be noted that the Sultan of Morocco, who enjoys a good deal of popular support, does not wish to see the French ousted and the government made over to a clique of self-seeking intelligentsia. Resentment at the concession made to the Americans by the French allowing them to construct air-bases in the north is an obstacle in the way of settlement. The 10,000 Americans who are working on them are not popular. Their presence is, the Moroccans think, inconsistent with the pledge President Roosevelt gave them during a visit in 1942 that after the war he would help to bring about the independence of their country. All this, naturally, creates difficulties for American diplomacy. Economic concessions combined with a reasonable measure of constitutional reform should clear the political atmosphere and convince Muslim partisans that the West is sincere in seeking their friendship.

There is no unity in the Arab world despite the Arab League. Some of the differences between the various countries may be brought into the diplomatic field. There is, for example, the opposition of King Ibn Saud to the proposition that the Hashimite Kingdoms of Jordan and Iraq should combine. The king's relations with Iraq have not been friendly: he and King Abdullah of Jordan were at loggerheads; what his relations will be with the new regime following on the assassination of the latter are not yet clear. Egypt's pretensions to Arab leadership were not generally welcomed; she has lost influence recently as the result of her political troubles. The military coup d'état in Syria led by Colonel Sheshakly is not viewed everywhere with favour in Arab countries. A strong conviction that the enemy is at the gates should bring the various groups together. The Arabs are in fact beginning to realise that the enemy lies beyond the iron curtain. Some of the more remote from the Russian frontiers still cherish the hope of being able to maintain their neutrality in the event of a third world war. That hope is not shared

by Arab statesmen such as Nuri-es-Said Pasha, till recently Prime Minister of Iraq. In his view the idea of neutrality should be eliminated and definite steps taken to meet the threatened danger. For this purpose he would revive the Arab League Collective Security Pact concluded in 1950 as a check to Jewish aggression and utilise it as a basis for a scheme of defence. Rifaat Pasha, a prominent Egyptian statesman, in a recent press interview took much the same line. No Muslim State in the Middle East could, he said, remain neutral in the event of war. Egypt especially would be a prize worth having. There must be an agreement with the Western Powers in setting up a scheme of defence ; he would, however, expect the Atlantic Powers to evacuate Egypt and Iraq as a preliminary to diplomatic discussions.

With a view to building up a system of Middle East defence the Atlantic Powers, Turkey, France, Britain, and the U.S.A. have proposed to the Arab States the establishment of a Middle East Command in which these States and particularly Egypt would share. So far the proposal has not been accepted. Now is the time for the Atlantic Powers, reinforced by Pakistan, to renew the attack. The Arab League Security Pact referred to by Nuri-es-Said to which Egypt, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and Syria were parties might, as Nuri-es-Said suggested, form the basis of an entente with the Western Powers. It is a matter of procedure whether the question of reforms in Tunis and Morocco should be taken up in the first instance. The French might possibly agree that it should be relegated to the Security Council.

That the problem of Palestine should be given priority at the commencement of the proceedings hardly needs argument. There is little doubt that given a satisfactory settlement, Syria, Jordan, Iraq, and Saudi Arabia would accept the defence proposals.

King Ibn Saud would doubtless be encouraged to play a leading part in the proceedings. Combined with the immense resources of his country in oil he has at his back a population of five or six million, mostly hardy Bedouin tribesmen, loyal to the regime. He has proved his statesmanship by turning the rough nomads of the desert into a law-abiding community. His voice should carry weight in the counsels of the Middle East. He has, it

should be noted, given the Americans an air-base adjacent to the Gulf, thus showing his readiness to combine with the West in matters affecting defence. Iraq, under the leadership of Nuri-es-Said Pasha, should play a prominent part in the negotiations. The Gulf Shaikhdoms would probably follow the lead of Saudi Arabia. It is, of course, in their interests to maintain the British protectorate. The position of Jordan is not altogether clear, but it seems that the regime there will come in on the side of the West. The question of the future of Jordan, whether it is to be linked with Iraq or Syria or remain independent, is for the Arabs to settle themselves. The advice of Western statesmen might help. Jordan is economically unsound : it might be an advantage for her to be linked to a strong economic unit like Iraq. Both the Lebanon and Syria will doubtless support the West. Syria now has an able and imaginative statesman at the head of affairs in Colonel Sheshakly, as already noted, leader of a military coup d'état which ejected a corrupt and inefficient government from power. He has already done much to improve the position of the peasant.

As to Egypt, her participation in the proceedings would not be of any great value unless meanwhile she develops a stable government. If she were inclined to make difficulties it is to be hoped that such action might be countered by the Arab countries agreeing to the suggested pact without stipulating that Britain should evacuate the Canal Zone before anything was settled.

There remains Persia. She more than any of her neighbours is exposed to aggression and so is interested to a greater degree than they are in plans for the defence of the Middle East. Her participation in these plans depends on whether a stable government can be developed. At the moment Dr Musaddiq has returned to power : the Shah has thrown in his hand and given him control of finance and the Army ; in fact he is now for all practical purposes a dictator ; whether he will be able in that capacity to hold in check the revolutionary elements, comprising the Tudeh Communists, the fanatical group led by Kashani and the city mob that carried him to the front, is still in doubt. He must know that his success depends on recovering his oil revenue and for this he will have to agree to a reasonable settlement of the British claims. There

are indications that his mind is working in that direction. It is of the first importance that Persia should join in the defence scheme and for that she must have her oil revenue available to meet at least part of the cost. Musaddiq could hardly stand out against the Atlantic Pact Powers and the Arab States working together. He would have at least to compromise. Should he prove obdurate there should be no difficulty about the occupation by troops, under the new Middle East Command, of Abadan, should Persia be threatened with invasion.

The Atlantic Pact countries would naturally supply arms, equipment, and technical help to the Muslim countries associated with the Middle East defence agreement.

States with large oil revenues, Saudi Arabia and Iraq, for example, would be expected to provide at least part of the expenditure involved. Jordan, the Lebanon, Syria, and Egypt—if she subscribes to the agreement—would need financial assistance. The Gulf Shaikhdoms would be expected to make a contribution to defence plans in reasonable proportions to their resources.

The Middle East has been described as a vast slum on sand. That is an exaggeration, but it is incontestable that the vast majority of its people live close to the subsistence line. No scheme of defence would stand up to a crisis unless supported by the masses. That support can only be attracted if people are satisfied that along with agreements covering defence are associated clear and definite pledges regarding economic uplift. Where oil dominates economic life as in Saudi Arabia, Iraq, and the Shaikhdoms little beyond technical help and the supply of equipment will be necessary. King Ibn Saud has already spent money to advantage in the economic field both in developing agriculture and improving communications. He has built a railway from the Gulf to his capital at Riyadh; the line is to be carried thence across the peninsula to Medina and Jeddah. Iraq proposes to devote 70 per cent. of her oil revenues to the schemes of irrigation already noted and to other projects. Help might be given to her under the Point IV plan if she agreed to settle a reasonable number of Palestine refugees in the newly developed land. In Syria big irrigation schemes are planned on the Orontes; help will be needed here and for similar plans in the Lebanon; it should be given provided

a reasonable number of refugees receive allotments of land.

The Western Powers when examining the possibilities of their co-operation in economic development in the Middle East must inevitably consider the utilisation for the purpose of the surplus revenues from oil. Iraq has planned to use her own ; the Shaikhdoms could not spend a tenth of their revenues on local improvement, administration, and defence ; Saudi Arabia has no definite plans as yet ; between them there should be a surplus available approaching 50%. millions year by year, perhaps still more as oil revenues increase. Obviously this should be spent in developing Middle Eastern countries ; Turkey and Pakistan might welcome such help.

Moreover, oil is a wasting asset. If nothing is done to conserve the revenues derived from it, the result might in the end be national bankruptcy. The States concerned would perhaps welcome the advice of Western experts in the matter. In any case, if a system of making loans to countries needing them is devised, such loans should be linked to gold to avoid inflation. Possibly some scheme of guarantee could be devised.

In conclusion let it be emphasised once again that the defence of the Middle East depends on the denial of its oil to the aggressor. The fate of the world may well hinge on whether that defence can be made secure. It will only be possible if Arab and Muslim countries generally combine with the West to devise and carry out a comprehensive plan to that end. Would not such a development hold out to the people of the Middle East the prospect of using their immense oil resources in banishing poverty from the bazaar and countryside ?

WILLIAM BARTON.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Retrospect. Viscount Simon.
Avenues of History. Sir Lewis Namier.

The Memoirs of Franz von Papen.
Beatrice Webb's Diaries, 1912-1924.

History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century. G. P. Gooch, C.H., D.Litt.

The Impact of Science on Society. Bertrand Russell.

The March of Journalism. Harold Herd.

Spain in the Modern World. James Cleugh.

Ambassador's Wife. Elizabeth Cerruti.

Victorian Furniture. F. Gordon Roe.

The Face of London. Harold P. Clunn.

Old Towns Revisited. Edited by Arthur Oswald.

The Gambia. Lady Southorn.

Llewelyn Powys: a Selection of his Writings. Kenneth Hopkins.

Quaker Relief. Professor Roger Wilson.

The Aga Khan. Stanley Jackson.

'Retrospect,' by Viscount Simon, G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O. (Hutchinson) is the record of a most distinguished career, told with judicial restraint, dignity, and skill and luckily untarnished by the malice and venom which has marred many political autobiographies—not least the Lloyd George volumes. Lord Simon began with no material advantages beyond his own character and ability, a God-fearing home background, a remarkable mother, and education at Fettes and Wadham College, Oxford, gained by his own exertions. Success at the bar came swiftly and surely and before long he was one of the most briefed and most influential leaders of that profession. Then came Parliament and political life—Attorney-General, Home Secretary, Foreign Secretary, and Lord Chancellor and chairmanship of one of the most notable commissions of modern times, that on India. The reader may well wish for more about Lord Simon's legal career, which is not fully treated, but politics were really his chief interest. He served with many eminent statesmen both Liberal and Conservative and, in times of coalition, Labour. He pays loyal tribute to his old chiefs Asquith and Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain, and his well-reasoned defence of the last over Munich is convincing. His lack of sympathy with Lloyd George is marked and easily understood. He also has some stern things to say about some Labour (and Liberal) leaders and their opposition to rearmament before the Second World War, including quotations from speeches which these leaders may well wish buried in oblivion now.

Lord Simon's well-balanced comments on the events in which he has played a part will be of value to the historian and of real interest to the general reader, though perhaps some further elucidation of his much criticised tenure of the Foreign Office might with advantage have been given.

'Avenues of History,' by Sir Lewis Namier, Professor of Modern History at Manchester University (Hamish Hamilton), is a collection of able essays chiefly written for various periodicals over a number of years. It may well be said that the author explores many avenues and, to use the other kindred popular expression, leaves no stone unturned in his search for truth. That there is no central focal-point from which the avenues can radiate really does not matter much as Professor Namier's skill resides in the interest and accuracy of the individual essay, rather than in any general pattern. We are given a varied choice beginning with a most useful study of what history really means and ending with an analysis of the 1945 and 1950 general elections. Between these we may read about two Austrian Emperors, Francis I and Francis Joseph, and the latter's friendship with Frau Schratt; or we may choose Herr von Kühlmann, that diplomat of dubious reputation, or the Elizabethan Parliament, or the Russells in Bloomsbury, or George IV and his Ministers, or Princess Lieven, or Northcliffe and 'The Times' during his early days of power there, or of Jos Wedgwood, or Wyndham Deedes, or Orde Wingate. 'The Times' has called Professor Namier 'a fine historian, a scholar of fine calibre, and a writer of real distinction.' These high qualities are amply proved by the present volume.

'The Memoirs of Franz von Papen' (André Deutsch) is a curious, interesting, sometimes valuable, often misleading, frequently illuminating, and equally obscuring book. From the author's point of view the sub-title might be 'Misunderstood,' from the reader's point of view 'A Study of Plausible Complacency.' Papen's public career was one of almost undiluted failure, yet such was his buoyancy that after each disaster he turned up smiling again to serve the next government, whatever it might be. The general refrain is 'If only they had taken my good advice, how different things would have been,' but 'they' did not. Whether it was the Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg in Berlin, or Falkenhayn or Liman von

Sanders in the Middle East, or Brüning under the Weimar Republic, or Ramsay MacDonald or Herriot at Lausanne, or Hitler and Goering afterwards. So much the worse for them! Papen now hopes to persuade the world that he has consistently defended the Christian and Western values of which Germany should be a leading protector. Will he? He writes with apparent balance and charity and lack of rancour—in sorrow rather than in anger—but that does not prevent him having some determined hits at his former opponents who ignored and misunderstood him and misused his too ready trust in the loyalty of others. One question assuredly will be asked: if he really felt the abhorrence of Nazism and Hitler that he now expresses how could he have served them in high office as he did? No convincing explanation is given of this, though there are many interesting sidelights on the Nazi regime. Readers will be interested to learn Papen's view of the now famous 'Cicero' incident in Ankara and about Nuremberg from the prisoners' point of view, from one of the few survivors. This book is well written and will be of real value to historians, provided they know the other side too, and are not unduly convinced by special pleading.

Should the electronic brain ever be perfected it will be exactly like Sidney and Beatrice Webb. They had no children, but wallowed in research, statistics, reports, blue-books, committees, sub-committees, and wire-pulling. For them the stream of consciousness was a stream of conferences. '**Beatrice Webb's Diaries, 1912-1924**' (Longmans) shows that Sidney was the more human, philosophic, and humorous of the two, and that she had acute powers of observation and a sharper pen. Had their constitutional limitations permitted them to break away from their esoteric background and mingle fruitfully with a larger, more generous, better educated, and more catholic society they might well, instead of serving a coterie, have served mankind. A few quotations from her Diaries will best display the writer and her powers and limitations: 'A world made up of Bernard Shaws would be a world in moral dissolution'; 'Always the old, old question repeats itself—is there sufficient public spirit and sufficient knowledge and reasoning power to make the change from the capitalist to the equalitarian state practicable?'; 'We have made the acquaintance of the most brilliant man in

the House of Commons—Oswald Mosley. Here is the perfect politician who is also a perfect gentleman'; 'The Trade Union Movement has become, like the hereditary peerage, an avenue to political power through which stupid, untrained persons may pass up to the highest office if only they have secured the suffrages of the members of a large Union. One wonders when able rascals will discover this open door to remunerative power'; 'The essential requirement is one big brain at the top. Sidney and I think the best man available [in May 1917] is Winston Churchill'; 'It is a travesty in political democracy that George Barnes should be in the War Cabinet from which Secretaries of State like Arthur Balfour are excluded'; 'Bolshevism is "government from above" with a vengeance.'

'History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century,' by G. P. Gooch, C.H., D.Litt. (Longmans), was first published nearly forty years ago and it has kept its place as a standard work ever since. The stock of the fifth impression was destroyed in the blitz in 1940, but now at last a new and revised edition is available, and very welcome. The object of the work is to summarise and assess the achievements of historical research during the nineteenth century, to portray the masters of the craft, to trace the development of scientific method, and to measure the political, religious, and racial influences which have contributed to the making of celebrated books. There is a valuable new introduction dealing with recent historical studies. Then, after a brief survey of literature from the Renaissance to the French Revolution, we are taken successively to Germany, France, Great Britain, the U.S.A., and other countries. Then we are taken back to the ancient East, Greece and Byzantium, Rome and the Jews, and the Christian Church, showing their influence on the making of history. Niebuhr, Ranke, Guizot, Thiers, Hallam, Macaulay, Grote, Arnold, Carlyle, Maitland, Motley, and Prescott are some among many famous historians with whom Dr Gooch deals. His own vast and widespread knowledge of his subject is apparent throughout the volume, and he gives of the best to his readers.

Most people acquire prejudices with advancing years; Bertrand Russell sheds them. This is proved most agreeably by his latest book, **'The Impact of Science on**

Society' (George Allen and Unwin). Into 140 pages he skilfully packs a lifetime of original thought. Science says: 'Let us get on with the job . . . show our power . . . So, in a godless universe, we shall become gods.' Russell has shed that, the greatest of all illusions, as, long ago, he shed a bias towards Communism of which, fortunately, he has become in many ways a doughty opponent. 'The machine is the modern form of Satan, and its worship is the modern diabolism.' 'I do not think industry can work efficiently through the mere motive of public spirit.' For a man who has always been privileged with economic freedom, Russell is singularly unaware of the position of the artist in contemporary society in which inferior work is often the best paid. The artist 'should seek ill-paid half-time employment, live austerely, and do his creative work in his spare time'! Later, speaking of working hours he, quite justly, says: 'getting from home to work and from work to home takes time; at the end of the day there is neither time nor money for anything very exciting.' The 'worker' is too tired even to amuse himself. Yet, in addition to drink, amusement, and tobacco he (and she) manages to spend 600 millions a year on gambling! But the artist must 'create in his spare time.' Russell's remarkable achievements are not the result of spare-time activities. A prejudice he has not yet shed is his faith in what he repeatedly calls 'democratic socialism.' Perhaps wisely, Russell here evades the scientific imperative of defining his terms. A man of his intellectual stature can hardly fail to realise that Socialism is merely Communism in tight boots.

Mr Harold Herd in '**The March of Journalism**' (George Allen and Unwin) says that 'what this book aims to do is to provide an outline of the main developments in journalism, traced through the newspapers that chiefly influenced them, during three centuries—to describe the stages of evolution from the crude newsbooks of the seventeenth century to the modern newspapers, and from the two-page essay papers and simple miscellanies of the eighteenth century to the reviews and magazines of to-day.' Whatever Prime Ministers or lesser people may think of the power of the press to-day no one could well say as Lord John Russell did in 1850 that he could give no countenance to any plans for encouraging such abominations

as popular newspapers or popular education.. Even the great Lord Salisbury declared, 'could it be maintained that a person of any education could learn anything from a penny paper?' This may be taken as typical of the opposition which newspapers had to face in their struggle for freedom, but it took more than that to daunt a man like Delane, and not very long after came Northcliffe and modern journalism, and newspaper sales have multiplied tenfold in fifty years. Though the big papers flourish, many excellent smaller newspapers and still more magazines have fallen by the way. The story of this makes an interesting but sad section of this book. The whole is packed with information, lucidly and well presented and very useful both for the student of journalism and the general reader.

The uninformed political obsessions of democracy (more dangerous and incalculable than the whims of dictators or monarchs), have for some years denied Spain her rightful and essential place and influence in World Affairs. '**Spain in the Modern World**,' by James Cleugh (Eyre and Spottiswoode), is a sober, well-arranged, essentially factual and up-to-date account of the Peninsula as it is to-day. Divided into nine sections entitled The Land, The People, History, Present Constitution, Society, Economics, Defence, Spain and Europe, and Spain and America, it ends with an able chapter on Conclusions. Little that is essential to clarity has been left unsaid. If some of the chapters are inevitably sketchy, others are comprehensive. Amongst the best are the accounts of the Second Republic, the Civil War, the Dictatorship of Franco, and Spain in America. Admirably objective, Mr Cleugh deals too gently with Romanones, who, as his chief adviser, was little less than a traitor to Alfonso XIII in 1931. The preposterous visit of Miss Ellen Wilkinson and Lord Listowel in 1934 'together with some other foreign socialists of equal gullibility and pomposity' inevitably recalls the gullibility of the late Ernest Bevin singing 'The More we are together the Better we shall be' outside a railway station in Russia in order to convert his hosts into good Europeans! In keeping Germany out of Spain, Franco, the author truthfully asserts, 'saved Britain from a danger which might well have proved mortal.' Mr Cleugh makes it clear that Spain has made a marvellous economic and

political recovery, resents foreign interference, admires Franco for all that he has done, is fundamentally Catholic and Monarchical and, if she does not eagerly want Don Juan, she will assuredly one day welcome his son Don Juan Carlos as King. Spain—at a pinch—can do without Europe; Europe cannot do without Spain.

'Ambassador's Wife,' by Elizabeth Cerruti (George Allen and Unwin), is a personal record of events, persons, and impressions in diplomatic surroundings in Peking 1923-36, Moscow 1927-30, Rio de Janeiro 1930-32, Berlin 1932-35, Paris 1935-37, and Rome 1937-40. Signora Cerruti, by birth Hungarian, by profession a distinguished actress, and by marriage a diplomatist, will be seen by the above list to have lived in important places at important times. She had great opportunities of observation and she made the most of them. The picture which she gives of life in Moscow enforces that given by others in the same position, isolation, suspicion, spying, apprehension, and an almost entire lack of friendly intercourse with any Russians. The Berlin portion of the book is perhaps the most interesting as it covers the early years of the Nazi regime, and the author gives her penetrating personal impressions of Hitler, Goering, Ribbentrop, Goebbels, and Himmler, all of whom she rightly detested and distrusted from the beginning. The chapters on Paris give excellent sidelights on contemporary notabilities there, and those on Rome show the steady and disastrous deterioration of Mussolini under the corruption of great power. Signora Cerruti writes simply and well and her book is a valuable contribution to history, although it has one remarkable handicap—there is no index.

'Victorian Furniture,' by F. Gordon Roe (Phoenix House), is a clear, fair, and well-balanced exposition of a much discussed and widely abused subject. As Mr Roe points out, Victorian furniture is one of those terms which everyone uses, but whose true meaning few comprehend. The period stretches over more than 60 years; at the beginning it was still much under the influence of the restrained and dignified Regency style; at the end 'new art,' Morris, and other reformers were making progress. It was really in the fifties, sixties, and seventies that the repellant taste which we associate with the name was in full bloom. Even then there was much difference, say

between the solid, well-made, and useful Victorian wardrobe or sideboard and the dreadful bamboo products or contorted, over-ornamented, spindly-legged tables and chairs—drawing-rooms, with their multifarious curtains, flouncy cushions, supposedly valuable china, plants and ferns in decorative pots, close-hung pictures, legions of framed photographs, three-legged stools with sunflower-painted tops' and 'the whole pantheon of household gods.' Mr Roe guides us through 'Abbotsford or Gothick' furniture, papier maché, tartan at Balmoral, rustic and mid-Victorian to the Great Exhibition of 1851, which was the grand and exuberant flowering of all. Then we are shown later developments till improvements really came—slowly it is true—with the beginning of this century. Readers should thoroughly enjoy this book, and learn much from it.

Mr Harold P. Clunn's enthusiasm for London and his industry and comprehensiveness in collecting information about it deserve very high praise. Now we have a completely new and revised edition of his '**The Face of London**' (Phoenix House) containing nearly 650 pages packed with detail and over 200 illustrations. The area covered extends from Romford and Epping in the East to Esher and Uxbridge in the south-west and west, and from Watford to Caterham and Orpington, not to mention outlying places like Maidenhead, Windsor, Guildford, Brighton, Southend, Chelmsford, Hertford, St Albans, and Beaconsfield—all of which are brought in. The book is arranged in twenty-five walks in the denser central parts and four drives further out. Mr Clunn describes not only historic buildings and sites but shops, institutes, hotels, monuments, in fact everything likely to catch the eye of the passer-by. The book may be opened at any page and useful or curious information found, but from its nature it is difficult to review in any ordinary sense. Its value is for consultation and reference rather than for literary style. The temptation to browse on it is great—and need not be resisted, for there is something worthwhile to be learned anywhere in it. Thank you, Mr Clunn.

Readers of 'Country Life' have much enjoyed the central articles given from time to time in that ever-popular periodical on old country towns. A selection of these has now been published in book form by 'Country

Life' entitled '**Old Towns Revisited,**' edited and with an introduction by Arthur Oswald and including 173 photographs. The towns selected are Abingdon, Berwick-on-Tweed, Bewdley, Blandford, Farnham, Richmond (Yorks), Totnes, and Wisbech.

They have been chosen almost at random but with one common feature of comparative immunity from industrial development and disfigurement in the nineteenth century. They show marked individual characteristics, resulting from their varying situations, history, the nature of their trades and means of livelihood, and the building materials most easily accessible. They are thoroughly English, though of course this may be disputed in the case of Berwick-on-Tweed: they represent a wonderful variety of styles of architecture and, perhaps above everything else, they show how well-to-do people lived in the late seventeenth and the whole eighteenth centuries—and how they worked and traded and, in the case of the churches, how they worshipped. The photographs are delightful and the whole book most welcome.

Although British interests in the Gambia began over 350 years ago, and became permanent under Charles the Second, there are members of the House of Commons who imagine they discovered the most northerly of our four West African Colonies, and invented groundnuts! No one who has not lived in a Colony, personally faced its day-to-day difficulties, and come to love and understand its peoples, has any right to shape the future of a country of whose history even they are entirely ignorant. In '**The Gambia**' (George Allen and Unwin) Lady Southorn shows wide historic knowledge, insight, and love of the natives and, as wife of the Governor, has had the advantage of repeatedly visiting all districts of the territory from end to end, and had free access to all the relevant documents and statistics. This account, entertaining as it is revealing, has as its sub-title: '**The Story of the Groundnut Colony.**' Those who imagine that they 'discovered' groundnut cultivation, and speculated a million pounds of public money on abortive schemes for poultry breeding and establishing a fishing industry, knew nothing of the fact that long before Whitehall blueprints, subsidies, and bulldozers, the Gambians, assisted by tradition, local knowledge, and a hoe, steadily built up a prosperous export

industry. Encouraged by a few humble officials, missionaries, and traders, the introduction of the crop eventually made possible the abolition of slavery and ended internecine wars. Based soundly on historic facts, Lady Southorn vividly sketches many British and foreign worthies who faithfully served the natives. Her love of the country, its kindly and charming peoples, its fine scenery and the River Gambia, illuminates every page. 'An ordinarily unemotional serving officer' said to the authoress, 'The Colony has a way of winding itself round your heart.'

In '**Llewelyn Powys: a Selection of his Writings**' (Macdonald) Mr Kenneth Hopkins sets forth with sympathy and skill the many facets of a remarkable man and author. Born in 1884 and dying in 1939, Llewelyn spent the last twenty years of his life fighting tuberculosis with enduring courage and gaiety of heart. The youngest of three brothers, sons of the parsonage, all writers and all touched with genius, he made himself master of a beautiful, flexible, limpid style that will ensure his fame. Finding everything in Nature and life delectable, he was at his best in capturing those lights and shadows that unite time with eternity. The West Country and, in particular, Dorset, where he was born, inspired his best writings and evoked his deepest thought. Mr Hopkins admiringly displays Powys as essayist, biographer, philosopher, pantheist, and letter-writer, and says that to him 'the actual living world was enough.' This, however, can never be true of anyone who is a mystic and a poet, and Llewelyn Powys was both. True, from the Christianity which so richly-nurtured his genius he wandered far in his mind, but never in his work. If, in some ways, his great receptivity was splintered by the brittle arrogance of the intellectual, he was essentially a mystic endowed with humility. The two most enduring books by Powys are 'Impassioned Clay' and 'Love and Death'—an 'imaginary autobiography.' If Mr Hopkins' devotion drives readers to these two, and to the 'Life' of Powys by Mr Malcolm Elwin, his labours will be well recompensed.

The Society of Friends has recently celebrated its tercentenary, and in that period no religious body, however large and imposing, has excelled it in disinterested service to humanity. Most philanthropic and educational movements in this country were initiated or nurtured by Quakers.

Its international war and post-war work of mercy and rehabilitation goes back to the Crimea. In '**Quaker Relief**' (George Allen and Unwin) Professor Roger Wilson gives an account of the activities of The Friends Relief Service between 1940 and 1948, and the modesty of his approach and the sobriety of his language enhance the splendour of the achievements he describes. While this brief history is of necessity mainly factual, the unique fusion of spiritual vision and practical common-sense that dominates Quakerism is never far away. As Quakers ignore religious divisions, so they ignore racial, political, and geographical divisions; the world is their parish, the only qualification for help being need. The author does not shirk the difficulties attendant on all human intercourse, and devotes his first six chapters to a valuable account of organisation and administration. Two sentences illuminate the age-old problem of reconciling Liberty and Obedience: 'Clumsy handling of . . . personal relationships by inexperienced members carrying substantial authority for the first time'; and 'the streak of anarchy which often appears in the young and immature conscientious objector.' A valuable chapter on Overseas Planning is followed in succession by accounts of the relief work done by the Society in France, Palestine, East Africa, Gibraltar, Italy, Greece, Germany, Holland, Austria, and Poland. The Friends were amongst the earliest to enter Belsen, the last to leave the Continent. A German wrote: 'And now our friends have left us. But in spite of that we no longer feel lonely, because they have helped us to find something which we thought we had lost for ever.'

Mr Stanley Jackson has chosen an interesting subject for his work, '**The Aga Khan**' (Odhams), because that eminent person holds a position which is unique in the world to-day, and he may be taken as a living refutation of Kipling's well-known saying about the East and West never meeting. They do meet in the Aga Khan, and who can say whether his real self is the Imam of the Ismaili Muslims, in gold and silver turban and robes, celebrating marriages or giving benediction to his followers, many of whom believe him to be semi-divine, or is it the top-hatted, Savile Row dressed man about town at Ascot or Epsom. Is it the priest or the sportsman and the most skilful and successful racehorse breeder and owner of his day, or is it

the very shrewd man of business or the player in Casinos, or is it the keen golfer? He is also a well-known statesman who has taken part in many East-West conferences and presided over the League of Nations meeting at Geneva. His statesmanship may have lacked success because he has found it hard to face realities and has been too anxious to build bridges where the chasm is too wide for any compromise. At the time of the Indian Round Table Conference Mr Nehru bitterly remarked, 'It was fitting that in this assembly of vested interests, imperialist, feudal, financial, industrial, communal, the leadership of the British Indian delegation should fall to the Aga Khan, who in his own person combined all these interests in some degree.'

Mr Jackson rightly stresses the Aga Khan's real and deep learning and his great generosity in the matters of education and medical science, but the book suffers from the inevitable handicap of writing about a living man, and at times Mr Jackson is apt to become too flowery in expression. However, he makes an interesting, fair, and really informative study of a remarkable man.

PROVING

THE MILL

THE MILL is a new and
entirely original
refinement of a well known

Whip

and is a new

WATER LEVER

and is a new and
entirely original
refinement of a well known

Young Husband

and is a new

GRAVE

and is a new and
entirely original
refinement of a well known

Admiral

and is a new

NOBLE

and is a new and
entirely original
refinement of a well known

MURRAY